

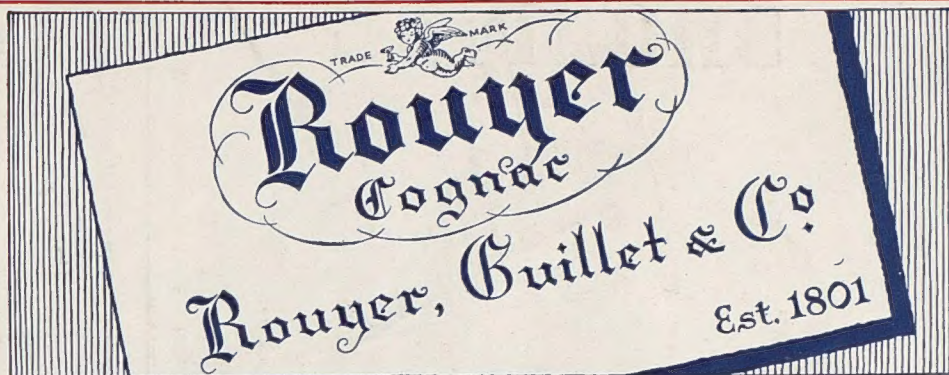
The TATLER

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London
November 29, 1939



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KING GEORGE VI



TO HER MAJESTY
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The TATTLER

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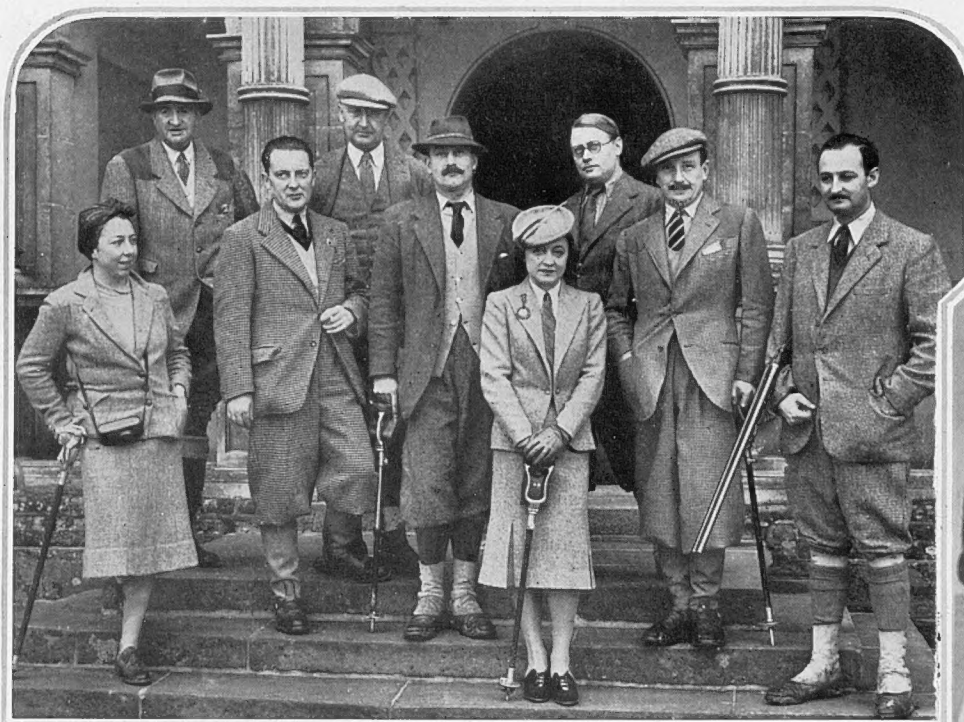
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Antony Beauchamp

THE IRRESISTIBLE DELYSIA

That nothing can ever stale this beautiful and talented lady's infinite variety is proved to the hilt by her brilliant performance in *French for Love*, which is packing the Criterion at every performance. During the last war Delysia and her wonderful opposite number, the irreplaceable Morton, kept all London laughing and she is now doing the same thing in this war with an equally abounding success



AT LORD AND LADY DOVERDALE'S SHOOT
AT WESTWOOD PARK, DROITWICH

Droitwich is mainly famous for cures for rheumatism, but Lord Doverdale's estate is almost equally famous for long-tails. Lady Doverdale, who was married in 1938, is the former Miss Audrey Pointing, of Sydney, Australia. Included in the picture with the host and hostess are Mr. and Mrs. St. John Plevins, Mr. Freddy Childe, Dr. E. Freeman Johnson, Mr. E. J. Rowat, Major W. Taylor and Captain A. Astley Jones

"The English habit of seeing only what is obvious and then only when it happens."
From "Dusty Measure," by Colonel Sir Thomas Montgomerie Cuninghame.

IT was years (roughly 1866-1939) before the Germanic purpose became obvious to this country, and now the population awaits in government blinkers, the much advertised issue between Nazi (pronounced "Narzee" by Mr. Churchill, as if it was a patent medicine) frightfulness and Allied toleration. Portentous events on the side only cross our vision in fragments, apprehended through a mask darkly, to be shelved as irrelevancies. But has the nearly-completed absorption of private fortunes, large and humble, by the bankrupt German state, no bearing on a general aftermath? If Nazi-Communist propaganda were able, when war is officially over, to range a hundred million penniless proletarians against the rest of Europe in which there were still private fortunes and states with nearly normal finances, what, demands *Paris Soir*, in a *sou-struck crescendo*, should we do? But the Allies' finances will not be anywhere near normal. That Italy is making money by her abstention, and finding minerals in Albania, is all to the good, because the gratification of Italian *bourgeois* instincts is an important contribution to a long-term peace. Italy retains her healthy fear of Communism, which is stalking through England, excused and abetted by war conditions. Far from being engendered by agitators; smiled on, yea, promoted by the Government, it is gaining a hold in spite of the belligerent Press. Note the affinity between the British Government's rationing machine, which may easily favour the "Co-ops," and the Soviet Government's action in closing all shops and businesses in Russian-Poland, where co-operative stores have been financed from Moscow to the tune of two million roubles. Mr. Morrison's pool mania is nothing but *charlatan russe*. By fixing butter



MISS MILLICENT BARON ENGAGED
TO THE A.O.C.-IN-C.'S SON

Miss Millicent Baron's engagement to Flight Lieutenant Richard Maitland Longmore, elder son of Air Chief Marshal, Sir Arthur Longmore and Lady Longmore, was announced on November 14. Miss Baron is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baron. A speaking likeness of Sir Arthur Longmore (by "Mel") appears on another page in this issue. Mr. Edward Baron is the head of Carreras

And the World Said—



MR. AND MRS. W. G. AGNEW
MARRIED LAST WEEK

Pictured at the reception after the ceremony. The bride was Miss Ruth Moore, and is a daughter of Captain Charles Moore and the late Lady Dorothea Moore, who was a daughter of Lord Denbigh. Captain Moore, of Moorsfort, Co. Tipperary, has been manager of the King's Stud since 1937, and was formerly in the Irish Guards

at 1s. 7d. a pound, he successfully put an end to making it in England. The dairies, and of course the farms, tell the same story. The fair price for English butter being around 2s. a pound, no one will make it to sell at this loss, consequently what should have been a temporary shortage is enormously aggravated. The public can now only buy New Zealand and foreign butter at sixpence more than the correct price—namely, at the "pooled" 1s. 7d. One scandal covers another; by thus artfully pricing English butter out of existence, Mr. Morrison forces us to swallow margarine; for having landed the country with enough raw materials to make margarine for a decade, its mass consumption became essential to his punctured reputation. *Ars est celare artem*. The fact that countrymen think this Scotch careerist a bureaucratic ignoramus, emerged when I visited Berkshire

where his pig—or was it sheep?—pool raises bubbles of indignation. The price being pegged at two shillings a score below normal, reproduces the butter situation. I heard my host tell a butcher that rather than sell at the unfair legal price he would "let them die of old age." This being still England the butcher agreed heartily *re* Morrison's madness. The Member for that part of the world is pleasant Mr. Patrick Donner, Lord Chatfield's son-in-law, who is not enough of an agriculturist to please some of his constituents, and now he has joined the R.A.F.—a gallant gesture which comes hard on those who expect to be represented in the House. Like barristers, Members who have joined up should be allowed to pass their seats to substitutes nominated by the local associations, until the end of the war. Their careers would not suffer, on the contrary. The Home Front likes to know that when anomalies and hardships arise the local Member is there to ask a question. I write feelingly from a "rotten borough" where those who leave for work before eight-thirty are obliged to partake of the day before yesterday's milking in their tea, because the dairies are forbidden by the Government, say they, to begin deliveries before broad daylight, and by the unions to employ more men, boys being hard to get. The answer is a lemon, which is what our Member would get if he were to ask anything whatever in the House.

Waste abounds. A West Country canteener says they are given so much tea they "don't know where to put it, and can't stop the Government sending more." As I observed a couple of weeks ago, country houses are turning the apple surplus into jam, but in Hampshire, where the glut is too great, apples are rotting in millions because with all its pools and *paperasse* the Ministry lacks initiative. A little quick thinking, an appeal on the wireless, and most of the fruit would have been saved, to be processed for the troops. Waste infuriates, but we are impotent. Lord Dulverton (*né* Wills), who after paying taxes, rates and tithes, not only has no income but a deficit which necessitates living on capital, remarked to a friend—"I shouldn't mind



Dennis Moss

THE COUNTESS OF BERKELEY

In her workroom at Berkeley Castle where, assisted by four hundred women and children, she is very busy making hospital supplies and comforts for the troops. Lady Berkeley is the former Mrs. Mary Evelyn Lloyd and is a daughter of the late Mr. John Lowell of Boston, U.S.A.

if the money was not being wasted." This is characteristic of the class, recently or anciently landed, which sees itself taxed out of existence without one protest, except a regret that bureaucracy should earmark levies dedicated to quick victory. This unquenchable patriotism makes conscription of wealth by a forced savings scheme, as suggested by Professor Keynes (whose wife was Lopokova), not only an insult, as Lord Beaverbrook called it, but a further proof that we herd on the brink of total State control. You may want to put your surplus two bob on a horse and I may want to save mine, but if the Keynes plan obtains, we shall both have it taken from us by a benevolent government who will save it for us, which means spend it on us in Civil Servants' salaries

A RECENT ENGAGEMENT

Miss Gore-Langton's engagement to Mr. Henry Birkbeck was announced on November 18. Mr. Birkbeck is the eldest son of Major H. A. Birkbeck, M.C., and Mrs. Birkbeck, of Westacre High House, Norfolk, and Miss Gore-Langton the only daughter of the late Major Francis Gore-Langton, Coldstream Guards, and Mrs. Gore-Langton, of Little Tingewick House, Buckinghamshire

and refined uplift, than which there is nothing more vulgar. Such an expensive war must lead to greater simplicity, "which would mean," writes Dean Inge, "better health, more leisure, much less waste, less enviousness, less bitterness between classes. Life would become more purposeful and more rational." The cheerful dean! Alas! Style suffers an indefinite eclipse, and ducal magniloquence a push on the kisser. To think that when the great Duke of Buckingham went to Paris to fetch Charles's queen, Henrietta-Maria, his train of many hundreds included TWENTY-FIVE SECOND COOKS, and that when the late Duke of Marlborough dined *dans l'intimité* at Blenheim he often wore the Garter! In tirades against extravagance the Press sometimes oversteps discretion; Lord Kinross should know better than to rate the British Council's work in Rumania, etc., dear at £380,000 a year. The B.C. under Lord Lloyd (whose recent visit to King Carol, coinciding with that of the Rumanian Envoy to Turkey, helped project the Balkans' anti-German, anti-Russian



Lenore



AT LORD DUNEDIN'S NINETIETH BIRTHDAY PARTY

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Sir Wilfred Greene, the Master of the Rolls, were among the guests on this memorable occasion. Lord Dunedin gave three cinema shows during the evening of his own films, a wonderful achievement. The full tale of the honours which one of the most distinguished Lord Advocates Scotland has ever had would fill a whole library. Lord Dunedin was born so long ago as November 21, 1849

And the World said—*continued*

peace block) grows many ears. Shall we call it a wise detective and leave it. That unrivalled stage tec, Gordon Harker, whose new play *Saloon Bar*, has a rising star in Mervyn Johns, was unlucky to be burgled on the first night. Other victims are Lady Dunedin, Mrs. "Bill" Napier, of Liverpool and Peebles-shire, and Sir "Jock" Broughton, who cherished his family portraits, so was justifiably sore.

In Hampshire I also learnt that Lady ("Amber") Hulse, who is running the Breamore Hospital Supply Depot for the Red Cross, while her husband waits to be called up by the R.A.F., has received an appeal signed by the *chef*, the *maitre d'hôtel*, the *conciERGE*, the jocular shrimping wine waiter, and of course, the manager, M. Recoussine, of the Hermitage, Le Touquet, now a hospital with seven hundred beds. They ask all who have enjoyed themselves there to send small donations to buy wireless sets, playing cards, games and books for potential patients. Ex-kings and queens of café society please comply. There is much sympathy in café society, and among cricketers of both sexes, with the Lawrence brothers and sisters, who will miss Sir Walter terribly. *The Times* obituary—largely a panegyric of son Jim's sporting prowess—stated that he continued Cresta-riding after his air crash with the Plunkets, which was going a bit fast, even for Jim, but this year he played cricket at Hyde Hall, with someone to run for him. That he was able to do as much, delighted his father. I hear "Jim" Lawrence is writing a book about the good times between the two German wars, and that he has asked Miss "Peggie" Johnson if she minds being mentioned as the best ball-room partner of her generation. The next generation is arriving according to schedule—the "Andy" Drummond-Morays, the "Johnny" Page Blairs (Sylvia Schmidt) and the Gormanstons have had first babies; the Mackenzies of Dolphinton, a first son, and the Cadogans another christening with Lord Weymouth and Mrs. "Bobbie" Ducas as godparents. Magda Ducas had Lady Marjorie Heath staying with her for the latter's niece's wedding at the Oratory. The late Lady Dorothea Moore's daughter and Mr. W. G. Agnew were married at noon—an abbreviated service, as he is not an R.C.—with a little gathering afterwards, at which well-wishers included Commander Arthur Marsden, M.P. (last sighted at the Inter-Parliamentary Conference in Oslo, since when he has been fitting merchantmen with very necessary weapons of defence), and the Duke of St. Albans. The bride's maternal grandparents, Lord and Lady Denbigh, sent a cheque. Though wedding receptions remain small and homely, if any, hotels are doing well on the restaurant side, particularly the new Abri, at the Ritz, where lunchers include French-born Lady Ashley, American-born Lady Beatty, and the so English Duchess of Norfolk, looking rested since the war, and consequently most attractive. Lady Carnarvon's theory that "every one" has got fatter, may not be strictly accurate, but the rationing of late nights and the revival of country pursuits, combine to bring a blush to cheeks no longer hollowed by drear dissipation. The exotic green-eyed Tilly is leaving today for America, where, in Arizona's remedial climate, she hopes to complete the cure begun in Davos, last winter. "Porchy" will be inconsolable, but they are not the only newly-weds parted by the war, and in this case health must precede inclination. On a recent journey to London,

the new Lady Carnarvon found herself in the same carriage as the ex-Emperor of Abyssinia, who figures, for a moment, in Osbert Sitwell's exquisite new travel book "Escape With Me"; a contrasting complement to "Eastern Visas" by Miss Audrey Harris who is just engaged to Edward Murray de Merindol Malan. Mr. Sitwell writes beautifully—for example: "... Hailé Selassie—his delicate, fated and iconic visage showing, perhaps, a slight resemblance to that of Charles I." In her white sitting-room at Highclere Castle, the *châtelaine* has been teaching herself to paint, watched by one of Augustus John's mindless Jamaican negresses, the property of Mrs. Syrie Maugham. Art, budding and approved, is very much alive, thanks to a disconcerting few, including the Queen, who, aside from regular attendances at the National Gallery concerts, has been buying Duncan Grants at Agnew's, where a stimulating contemporary show was opened by Sir Hugh Walpole, in his breezy lake-side manner. The Little Pictures—ideal Christmas presents—at the Leicester Galleries, include several by John Aldrich, an original young landscape painter, whose father was a winner of the Grand Military, and whose mother, Mrs. Horace Lloyd, lives in Highclere village, surrounded by her son's pictures, some of which have been chopped up for this Lilliputian exhibition. The most arresting picture at the Portrait Painters is Oswald Birley's huge stage-box group,

dated 1910, with Mrs. "Da" Monteith and Colonel Wilfred Egerton in graceful splendour, while at Agnew's there is Sickert's *Gaiety Theatre, Montmartre*. The former show is a Birley benefit as usual. The portrait of Lady Stanley belies his reputation for painting women less than men. It is as remarkable as his superb picture of the Aga Khan's mother, shown some years ago. That the Aga contemplates selling horses (though he refused fifty thousand for Bahram), is a sign of the times, as is Lord Astor's sale of his best Hyperion yearling to Sir Abe, whose fortune is unlikely to be adversely affected. He is in South Africa, watching the political situation in spite of his infirmities. I wonder if he still favours General Hertzog? Whatever Sir Abe's politics, his pluck and his horses have class. With racing



H.E. THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR AND LADY CAMPBELL AND JOSEPHINE BAKER AT THE REOPENING OF THE PARIS OPERA

The proceeds of the reopening night of the Paris Opera were devoted exclusively to the Women's Automobile Section of the French Red Cross. Sir Ronald Campbell who succeeded Sir Eric Phipps as British Ambassador, is seen buying a programme from that fascinating star, Josephine Baker

as popular as ever, though naturally numbers are down owing to transport difficulties, a revival in France crops up; some of the classics may be decided at Deauville, without spectators, if so, the stand will find itself full of ghosts, plus Uncle Berry Wall in the flesh, for he is spending the war at Deauville, and I do not imagine any authority would have the heart to turn him from his favourite course, even if *le publique* was strictly *défendu*. Early in September '14, when Paris had cause to fear a repetition of 1870, twenty-thousand head of cattle were driven into Longchamp, against a siege, Auteuil being put to the same use. Though most of the horses at Chantilly were evacuated before the Germans arrived, some remaining were requisitioned by the Prussians. Having seen the pathetic fields at Baden-Baden, where the only nice-looking animals seem to come from abroad (Italy as a rule), I suggest—confidant racing pals on both sides of the sleeve will agree—that we, the now indivisible entity, France and England (no one has remarked on the positively Plantagenet point of view prevailing), present Germany with a really good stock of race-horses, greyhounds and football coupons, in the hope that one or all of these sports will provide an outlet for violent enthusiasm *après la guerre*. A nation whose leisure is finding winners has little time for mischief. Meanwhile, a patriot should give Mr. Morrison a nag, and the wherewithal to race it.

THE GUARDS



MISS MARGARET FORD (AT BACK), MISS MARY CROMPTON ROBERTS AND MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR BOYD



LORD ERRINGTON—
THE HOST OF THE EVENING

LAUGHED, TOO



MAJOR AND MRS. HARCOURT VERNON AND FRIENDS
IN THE FOYER



CAPTAIN P. MAGNUS SPENCE AND MISS M. TIDY



THE HON. NICHOLAS AND MRS. VILLIERS



SIR HUGH AND LADY SMILEY VASTLY AMUSED



MR. AND MRS. ILLINGWORTH
ARRIVING AT THE THEATRE

Another in the series of shows for a very famous regiment was that given, as always, "somewhere in England," at the invitation of Lord Errington. It was for the Guards and was projected by famous variety stars, including many of the cast of *The Little Dog Laughed*, the current Crazy Gang riot at the Palladium. The audience which enjoyed enormously this bit of transplanted London wartime gaiety included distinguished persons from somewhere else in England and the general verdict was that the sparkling vintage "travelled well." Lord Errington is the only son of Lord Cromer, the ex-Lord Chamberlain. Major Harcourt Vernon served with the brigade through the last war (D.S.O. and M.C.), and before rejoining was agent to Lord Glanusk. Queen Mary was present last May at the wedding of the Hon. Nicholas Villiers, son of Lord Clarendon, to Miss Mary Forester, elder daughter of Major the Hon. Edric and Lady Victoria Forester, daughter of the first Marquess of Lincolnshire



MR. AND MRS. F. B. HERVEY
BATHURST AT THE SHOW



"ON THE NIGHT OF THE FIRE"

Gertrude Musgrove and Diana Wynyard are two of the stars of the new British film presented by General Film Distributors at the Leicester Square Theatre on Friday last, November 24. *On the Night of the Fire* is an adaptation from the novel of the same name by Frederick Lawrence Green and is directed by Brian Desmond Hurst. The male lead is taken by Ralph Richardson, star of that brilliant propaganda film of the British Air Force, *The Lion Has Wings*.

WHO is Margaret Lockwood? I do not ask the question in that vein which prompted yesterday's judge to ask: "Who is Connie Gilchrist?" I have no doubt that a judge could be found today to say: "Who is Beatrice Lillie?" But that is not my vein either. I know who Connie Gilchrist was, and who Beatrice Lillie is. I just do not know anything about Margaret Lockwood. Is she a well-known actress? I hardly think so, because in that case I must certainly have seen her. On the other hand, it is quite possible that she may be a well-known film actress. For here I must again plead guilty to a kind of visual aphasia. I never can remember and shall never now know which is Joan Crawford and which is Jeanette MacDonald. I seem to remember that one twines herself round pillars while singing while the other reclines upon pillows without singing. And that is the only difference I have ever been able to detect between the two. Then again, all blondes in films look exactly alike to me. Indeed, I propose at this point to make a clean breast. The only film actresses I can ever recognize at sight are Garbo, Dietrich, Hepburn, Edna May Oliver, and Zasu Pitts. If I saw a horribly precocious little girl I should probably think it was Shirley Temple, none of whose films I have ever seen, a trailer in which she appeared as the Duke of Wellington sufficing to keep me off that grass for ever. If I saw a rather older little girl who sang prettily I might guess at Deanna Durbin. And if I saw a film actress who could really act I should undoubtedly plump for Bette Davis. Which brings me back to Miss Lockwood who must be *somebody* since, in the newspaper advertisements of *Rulers of the Sea* at the Plaza, she is billed as co-star with Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. Whereas no mention whatever is made of the presence of Will Fyffe.

Now Will Fyffe is an actor so blazingly good that even the films cannot conceal his quality. Fifteen years ago I wrote a piece about this magnificent comedian, and I ask readers to peruse what I wrote so that they may have some notion of where in my best judgment Mr. Fyffe as an actor should be placed: "The bill at the Alhambra contained the Scotch character comedian, Mr. Will Fyffe, whose daft loony is a masterpiece of tragi-comedy. For a time the fellow rambles on, recounting the minor victories of witlessness over wit. And then the note changes. The boy is to draw from the savings bank his seventeen treasured pounds. Jim McGregor—who gave him shoes and stockings, who never called him daft, and who brought blood to the faces of those who did—Jim McGregor is dead, and the money is

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Deplorable Oversight

for his bairns. The exquisites of the 'nineties made great fuss over Flaubert's burying of M. Dambreuse —'of whom there shall be no more question on this earth.' Seven people, and seven alone, declared Mr. George Moore, were capable of appreciating this great passage from *L'Education Sentimentale*, and they met once a year in the Champs Elysées to read it aloud to each other under the lilac trees. But there must be nearly seven million people in London capable of appreciating Mr. Fyffe's burial of Jim McGregor. He does it with so much passion. This wander-wit shows something of that awe which even those who possess their souls most tightly must feel in the presence of annihilation.

For the imbecile as for the reasoning there looms but the horror of the shade. And with the expression of this dread comes the loosening of all that has been pent up in the crazy prison of his mind—natural grief, dumb gratitude, resentment even. He is not to be allowed to go to the funeral lest he should make the villagers laugh! Mr. Fyffe has a sob here of which Garrick had been proud. I use the great name to give this piece of acting its scale. Let there be no mistake. I do not say that Mr. Fyffe is as great an actor as Garrick. But I do say that the older actor could not have bettered that mingling of pathos and grotesquerie. If one may use the word genius of a performance of our day, here is genius. The actor's matter would have enchanted Lamb, his aspect enticed Zoffany."

Now it is one of the properties of good acting that it mellows with the years. Whence it follows that I think at least as highly of Mr. Fyffe today as I did fifteen years ago. Who, then, I ask, is Margaret Lockwood that in the judgment of this film's promoters her performance so far exceeds that of this superb actor that in the advertisement her name is mentioned and his left out? I desire not to be misunderstood here. I do not for one moment suggest that Miss Lockwood is not as much shocked as I am at the undue prominence given to her name. I do not say that she is not a charming and very pretty little player. What I do say is that there are any amount of charming and pretty little players who can bring an old man his dinner, and generally supply that femininity which can be relied upon to interrupt at regular intervals any really interesting film.

It follows that Miss Lockwood must in other films have achieved miracles of acting to entitle her to eclipse Mr. Fyffe. I should be very glad to be told the names of some of these films. In return I promise to visit them as occasion offers, and if Miss Lockwood's acting impresses me sufficiently I undertake to write as glowingly of her as I did of that other artist fifteen years ago.

Rulers of the Sea is a maritime *Milestones*. In the beginning young Mr. Fairbanks is a mate of a sailing ship something like a hundred years ago. The captain can only bring her to port on the contracted date by taking risks with the weather which entail a loss of human life. Fairbanks will not stand for this, and presently at Greenock falls in with an old foundry hand who dreams of fitting ships with engines, and has moreover translated his dream into a working model. The rest of the film is an epic of Scotch and elderly persistence and ruse in the teeth of opposition from vested interests, rival shipbuilders, an incredulous Admiralty, and Miss Margaret Lockwood.

The last part of the film shows the voyage to New York, reached only after many exciting vicissitudes among which is the overtaking of Fairbanks's old sailing ship and, when the engines break down, being overtaken by her. In New York Fairbanks is introduced to a Mr. Cunard. Fyffe is not introduced, which is understandable because the old man is dying. But what I cannot understand is why nobody presented Miss Lockwood!

J.A.

HIGH JINKS IN "BLACK VELVET" AT THE HIPPODROME



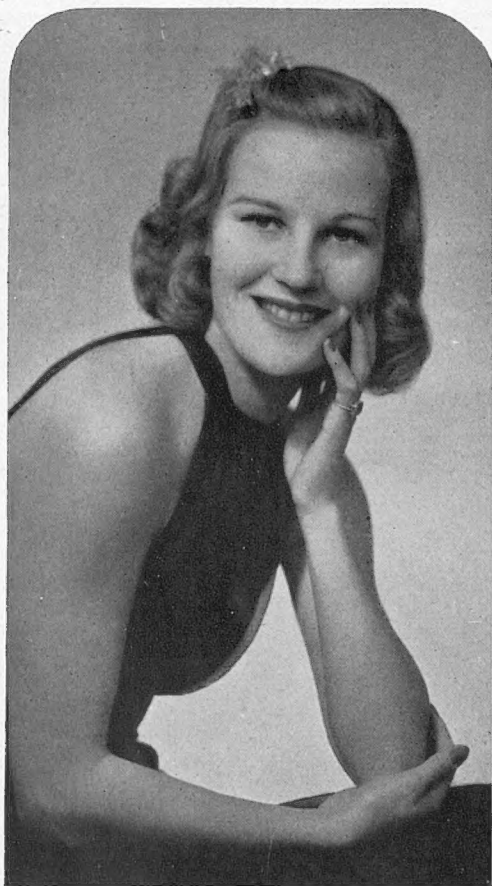
ROMA BEAUMONT AND VIC OLIVER
IN ONE OF THEIR NUMBERS



(ABOVE) STARLET PAT
KIRKWOOD
(LEFT) STAFFORD AND
LOUISE (RIGHT) ROMA
BEAUMONT

The second big musical show of the war is George Black's new "intimate rag" *Black Velvet*, now playing to packed houses at the Hippodrome. Features of the show are the four starlets who are given their first big chance. They include Roma Beaumont who was the surprise hit of Ivor Novello's Drury Lane show, *The Dancing Years*, and Pat Kirkwood, eighteen-year-old Lancashire lass who is well tipped to follow close in the steps of Gracie Fields. Vic Oliver, witty as ever, is more or less officer commanding and a gay finale to the first part is provided by an old-time Café Royal scene with Stafford and Louise dancing *La Mattiche* and Alice Lloyd singing old favourites, ending up with a polka in which the audience joins with enthusiasm





Timbridge
A RACING ENTHUSIAST

Mrs. Albert Vickers, who is a daughter of Mrs. V. Fitzgerald, of Warhams, Rudgwick, Sussex, and of the late Colonel W. D. Mann-Thomson, who was in the Blues, and had his seat at Scaford, Melton Mowbray

wearing his winter Wolseys and possibly a rubber suiting as well, he was buying an evening meal for two ladies who had probably seen service in 1914, in the Dover Street Patrol. Dancing with them "first and second lot," this obese warrior was enabled to take several hours pleasurable and continuous exercise for the trifling "All-in" charge which this restaurant charges for some of the best cooking in London.

Speaking of cooking, it is an accepted axiom that an army marches on its abdomen, and no precautions can be too great to ensure that this is filled with appetizing food. As showing how close is our co-operation with our allies, and even mobilized neutrals, a crisis was avoided without any demerit the other day, when a well-known regiment looked like losing their foreign cook. The colonel merely rang up the ambassador of this foreign power and said: "Look here—this won't do. Your army has called up *our* cook," a conversation which at once caused the culinary artist to be placed in a key industry. Motoring through Ascot the other day I came across a huge notice, fifty yards short of Colonel Sir Gordon Carter's house, saying: "BEWARE OF TROOPS." I slunk by on the other side of the road without anything happening and I believe that this must refer to bodies of

EVERY one is so remarkably busy these days, soldiering either in an office, or in some inaccessible place two days by telegram from anywhere, that the only time that one sees anybody is dining at one of the more popular *estaminets*. Soldiers on short leave assemble, and the over-worked stool polisher gets his relaxation and even exercise there. One such I saw the other night, a gentleman whom I should set to give Davy Burnaby about 7 lbs. Probably

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

soldiers, and does not infer that that most urbane, courteous and charming clerk of the course has been goaded into rushing out at passers-by. Perhaps one of the most remarkable feats which has been done lately is that of Captain Percy Whitaker, with Tramail. This horse, having got loose on the heath one day, thought the whole business rather fun and decided to do it again next day. Fighting to get loose while his clothing was being put on, he wriggled his bridle off and put to sea with the bridle dangling round his forelegs. The captain caught up with him while he was trying to free himself from the bridle, and the horse seized him by the ankle. Undeterred, he embraced the horse round the neck and threw him on his side, as is done to steers, in a rodeo, and replaced the bridle! It is no mean feat for any one, and the captain was over fifty when he rode Silvo, a winner at Liverpool, and that wasn't yesterday. In these days of blackouts and darkness, almost immediately after lunch, time hangs very heavily on "idle hands," for which, owing to petrol rationing and the difficulty of getting about, Satan may not be able to find "evil things to do." This has driven many women to take up nursing with an admirable seriousness and intention to pass whatever exams. there may be, added to which one standard work on the subject slowly absorbed, on a comfortable sofa, is the equivalent of half a pound of the most powerful and prohibited narcotic. In a questionnaire in one of these, the answer to: "What would you do if at night, in a dark lane by yourself, you found an unconscious man with a severe head wound?" is: "Apply hot water bottles, administer hot tea, cocoa or soup and send for a doctor." This implies that something will shortly be done with the road fund and telephones, and hot water will be laid on to our darker lanes.

Ambulance driving has a great vogue, and the life led by the ambulance driver is not all gin and darts. Many of these gently nurtured drivers have to sleep in their vehicles ready for an emergency call at a moment's notice. One such was awakened the other day for a practice emergency call, for an obliging volunteer casualty. A pre-war highway terror in a diminutive sports Morris, she got to the "case" all right, but driving to the hospital, adopted the old Horse Artillery motto: "In, Over or Through," with some iron railings, into a basement. The luckless volunteer was then transferred to another ambulance and continued his interrupted journey to the hospital, this time with a truly broken jaw!

Just to say something about racing, there has never been a more pestilential way of spending the afternoon than at Newbury last Thursday. It rained New-roads the entire day, and the only bright spot was the win of Black Toni, which looks like making a useful staying three-year-old for Lady Beatty.



Poole, Dublin
THE LAST OF THE FLAT AT LEOPARDSTOWN

Mrs. Wilfred FitzGerald, who is Sir Anthony Weldon's mother, and her jockey, R. Cartwright, at the very last of the flat-racing fixtures at that admirable spot, Leopardstown. Mrs. FitzGerald, who is more or less a new recruit to the ranks of Irish owners, had a filly, Fondest, running in the Carrickmuir Plate. Mr. Wilfred FitzGerald is the doyen of polo in Ireland, and President of the All-Ireland Polo Club

More pictures of this event in next week's issue

The Air Correspondent of "The Tatler" will be glad to receive photographs of groups and individuals in R.A.F. units, both at home and abroad. These will be carefully submitted to censorship before publication. He would also like to hear of any amusing incidents and stories in connexion with such units. Those accepted will be liberally paid for. Send to Air Correspondent, "The Tatler," Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts

WARTIME STEEPLECHASING AT LEICESTER



**RIDING TALENT: CAPTAIN
AND MRS. JACK FAWCUS**



**MORE RIDING TALENT:
MR. AND MRS. FULKE WALWYN**



**THE HON. MRS. CHARLES WOOD
AND MR. JACK CLAYTON**



**LADY NEWTOWN BUTLER WITH
THE HON. PATRICK BUTLER**



**MR. LUKE LILLINGSTON
AND LADY DARESBUY**



**MORE WELL-KNOWN: MRS. MURE
AND LORD BICESTER**

Leicestershire in uniform, heavily supported by Newmarket details and reinforced from many other units, about fills the bill as a description of the concentration at the county capital for a very excellent day's fun over the obstacles. Fields were excellent in all but one contest, the Paddock 'Chase, in which "Right 'Un" finished alone—one of three runners, and one of them died after jumping the last fence. This gave J. Bissill his second pair of brackets, as he had already won the Belvoir 'Chase on Colonel Foljambe's nice young horse "Tierce." This was Bissill's first appearance since his bad fall at Cheltenham last March. Mr. Luke Lillingston, Joint-Master, with his charming wife, of the Harrington, and famous formerly as a Meath and North Atherstone Master, had a ride in the Sileby 'Chase, and is seen talking to the hard-riding wife of the Joint-Master of the Belvoir, and more riding talent of the higher order was well represented by Captain Jack Fawcus and Mr. Fulke Walwyn. They both turned professional, and both have regained commissioned rank under a special dispensation from the War House, and thank goodness say all of us! Mr. Jack Clayton, another well-known, is with the wife of the Joint-Master of the Middleton. The Hon. Charles Wood is the son of the Foreign Secretary. Lady Newtown Butler, the former Miss Bettyne Everard, is with her brother-in-law, Lord Lanesborough's younger son

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Story of Nazi Germany.

HOW I detest the purely military mind, the purely clergyman mind, the purely schoolmaster mind, the purely sport-infatuated mind, and the minds of those men and women in which a little temporary power goes completely to their heads! Hitler himself is an unmitigated human evil, but like all terrorist dictators, his reign is limited. The more lasting human evil is the number of little tin-pot Hitlers which abound, and, when circumstances permit, multiply exceedingly. Very, very few people are psychologically capable of using power either wisely or kindly. The really great man is, within himself, a humble individual. He realises his human responsibility, and the greatness within him binds him all the more closely to the moral, spiritual and physical aspirations of the common human stock. Not so the tin-pot dictators. For them, power, be it only over the destiny of a kitchen-maid, is the end which sanctifies any paltry means. They are proud and pompous, and if one regards their machinations in a strictly detached way, supremely ridiculous figures. Unfortunately, it is extremely difficult to regard with detachment someone who merely employs his tin-pot power for the sake of using it; thus increasing his aggrandisement in his own eyes, and in the eyes of those who hope, by selfsame means, to impress their own special victims. In fact, the moment any one man or woman becomes all-powerful, be it merely in some school cook-house, they usually deserve to be shot. Human nature just can't stand up humanely to unlimited means, however minor the sphere of action.

The scum which follows immediately in the wake of any theory of revolutionary destruction, is unvarying in its mean and sadistic mental type. You will never find them being of the least human use in the slower, more just and so more lasting, revolution through evolution. It offers them no opportunity to aid in real reconstruction, for which they have no desire. Quick means to vindictive ends is the thing which lures them. They are not interested in results; they are interested only in the chance circumstances offer them to increase their own stature in their own eyes by the fear they can engender in the hearts of those less well armed. The infamous Gestapo of Germany may never reach England, but if they did, there would be no lack of recruits. And, happily or unhappily, you can recognise the recruits long before they are given a chance to join up. Their manners already speak their minds—as, incidentally, all manners do! Show me a man or woman's bad manners towards those who, to a certain extent, are in their power, and I can quite easily judge the human, detestable type to which they belong. It is the test of their inner civilisation—that civilisation which has nothing whatever to do with the veneer of so-called progress. It is the Gestapo mentality, rather than the mentality of Hitler—that is, if they are inseparable?—which is the enemy of the human race. I sometimes doubt if there will ever be any lasting peace until it is eradicated, even if that were possible. It can destroy the happiness of a nation; it can also destroy the happiness of a street, or even a home. It is so loathsome as to be frightening; and yet on fear it flourishes and lives.

I have just been reading a very grim, powerful and exciting story which is the tale of such frightfulness. It is a novel of inside Germany, and the title is "Escape" (Collins; 8s. 6d.). The author is "Ethel Vance," whom I have an inclination

to believe is not so feminine as the name implies. Briefly, it is the tale of a German actress who for many years had lived in America, where she had been a success until, so to speak, her interpretation of her art had outlived its public appreciation. She had a daughter, and a son, considered by many people to be a rising artist. But funds were low, and she still owned a large and beautiful house in her native Germany. And Germany wanted her back; not because she had once been a popular actress, but because the Gestapo had discovered that she had been the recipient, and so the distributor, of certain literature inimical to the Nazi régime. In order to lure her back, an offer was made to her for the purchase of her property. She returned to Germany to complete the sale, and immediately she was captured and thrown into a concentration camp, arrested for treason and condemned to execution. Between the trial and the execution, however, she fell a victim to acute appendicitis. The prison doctor, who operated, only learnt after the operation that she had been an actress he had very much admired in his youth. The description of such a hospital is appalling in its inhumanity. Moreover, the destination, as well as the destiny, of the poor woman was hidden from all her friends and her family. Her son, coming over from America to find her and to bring her

back if possible, only discovered her whereabouts almost by accident, and then only after he had been ignominiously and mentally tortured by the various Nazi officials who knew the truth, but refused to tell him what it was. He continued his search, however, with, so to speak, his own liberty and life hanging on the merest thread. I will not tell you more of the plot, because its terrible suspense consists of not knowing what will be the outcome of the woman's fate—execution within a few days, and only such a brief period for those people who, in spite of their own resistance, engendered by fear for their own safety, found themselves being dragged into the plot. Yet in spite of this personal fear, there was something within them just a little stronger than cowardice—the force of common human justice.

As a picture of Nazi Germany, it is a resistless indictment; the more resistless since, on the whole, the atmosphere is not

(Continued on page 284)



Hay Wrightson

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ERNEST
SWINTON, R.E.

Sir Ernest Swinton has been Chichele Professor of Military History at Oxford since 1925, has lectured on the last Great War in America and is the author of many very excellent books on warfare, including one which perhaps not a very great many people remember, "The Defence of Duffer's Drift" (1904), a most informative little treatise on how not to do it!



Truman Howell

MISS FRANCES PITT, M.F.H.

The famous authoress of so many very charming articles on wild life and nature-study generally is carrying on the mastership of the Wheatland single-handed for the duration. Miss Pitt has been Joint-Master or sole Master since 1929. The tale of her books upon the subject with which she is so familiar is legion!



THE WEDDING OF LIEUT. P. H. J. SOUTHBY, R.N.,

The names in the bridal group, taken after the wedding at the Church of the Redemption, New Delhi, are: (l. to r., in front) Master Michael Mostyn-Owen, Miss Honor Maxwell, Master

AND LADY ANNE HOPE IN NEW DELHI

Anthony Pope, Miss Susan Birnie, Master Richard Lumley, Miss Lily Serena Lumley; (standing) Lady Doreen Hope, the bridegroom and the bride, and Lady Joan Hope



SIR HENRY CRAIK, WITH HIS A.D.C., CAPTAIN MCCOY, CONGRATULATES THE BRIDE AND BRIDE-GROOM



H.E. THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, GENERAL SIR ROBERT CASSELS, PROPOSING THE HEALTH OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDE-GROOM



Kinsey Bros.
THE MAHARAJAH OF BIKANIR OFFERING HIS CONGRATULATIONS

The wedding of a daughter of the King's representative in India is ever a memorable and brilliant event, and that of Lady Anne Hope, eldest daughter of H.E. the Viceroy and the Marchioness of Linlithgow, lacked nothing in this regard. Memories of some perhaps fly back to another ceremony of a like kind—the wedding of the present Lady Violet Astor in Calcutta, then the capital, but later superseded by New Delhi. The above wedding took place in early November, when the climate in the northern half of India resembles nothing so much as the best that can be found in the wide world. There was a State drive from the Viceroy's house to the church, the escort being furnished by that very decorative body the Viceroy's Bodyguard, and the Bishop of Lahore was the principal celebrant at the ceremony. General Sir Robert Cassels, Commander-in-Chief in India, made exactly the kind of speech which a very distinguished cavalry General would make, and a further very martial touch was lent to the occasion by the presence of that fine soldier H.H. the Maharajah of Bikanir. Lady Doreen Hope and Lady Joan Hope are Lady Anne Southby's sisters

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

melodramatised. It shows people going outwardly peacefully about their daily avocations. Having friends, loving, working, living, in fact, as if life were orderly and hopeful; yet all the time haunted by an unseen menace which at any moment, and in spite of their precautions, might become an actual living foe met face to face. And at least one of the characters stands out unforgettably: the character of the Countess, who lived by taking in girls of various nationalities who came to finish their education in Germany. She had loved, and been loved by an Army general, high in Nazi esteem, for many years, and yet, although she loved him, though their love had become rather the love of long association than actual living passion, she felt that, even in his arms, he typified the ever-living menace of some unseen fear which she was for ever seeking to ignore or pretending did not exist. Here, then, is a story which is interesting, well-written, and very exciting. And if you are curious concerning Nazi Germany as the ordinary German has lived in it since Hitlerism came into power, it is topical to a degree.

Thoughts from "Escape."

"People build up romantic feelings towards their servants that the servants never have towards them."

"People of the same mind may quarrel, but they have nothing to argue about."

"The value of the individual usually means in the end the value only of your precious self."

Further Very "Good Companions."

In "Second Thoughts" (Michael Joseph; 3s. 6d.), Nicholas Bentley writes of Mr. J. B. Priestley and his book, "Angel Pavement"—

"I always think it sensible to keep
Some Priestley by your bed to make you sleep.
Be careful, though—an overdose may cause
The children to be woken by your snores."

But you are not likely to snore after an overdose of Mr. Priestley's new novel, "Let the People Sing" (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.). If you loved "The Good Companions," you will equally love this book. It has very much the same theme, though, of course, the characters are different. Poor little Timmy Tiverton, once famous on the music-halls, but now, alas! only a withered comedian, got himself by pure accident involved in an I.R.A. plot which blew up the ridiculous statue of a local worthy in Birchester Public Park. In his escape from the police he boarded a guard's van and hid himself behind the luggage; whereupon he discovered that he was not alone. A famous Czechoslovakian professor had overstayed his passport, if not his welcome, in this country, and was also escaping from the law by the same means. What more natural, therefore, that they should escape together, and, being together, fall in eventually with a public benefactor who combined the selling of junk by auction with musical entertainment, thus increasing the world's more hearty enjoyment? Unfortunately for all of them, their next "stand" happened to be the little country town of Dunbury. Now, the poorer people of Dunbury had three rulers. First of all there was the huge manufactory of United Plastics, which employed local labour, and sold to the public for sixpence or under a lot of decorative articles which they didn't know they required until they saw them going so cheaply. Then there were the county families who

ruled Dunbury by tradition, but had forgotten the nicer ones and only retained their ruder privileges. Between them dashed to and fro the members of the Town Council, desperately seeking to curry the favour of both parties. Alas! the chief bone of contention was the Dunbury Market Hall. This hall had been left to the town for the town's amusement. But Dunbury now had an Elite Picture Palace, and what chance has a town band against a "Western"? So the Market Hall had become somewhat derelict. Therefore, United Plastics wanted to rent it as a show-room, and the county families insisted that it should become the Dunbury Museum, to which they could bequeath their duller heirlooms. Therefore the Market Hall had had its music- and dancing-licence taken away from it. Which naturally

disgusted Mr. Hassocks and his band of Timmy Tiverton, the Czechoslovakian professor, and the delightful girl called Miss Ollerton; as well as a young man who was a queer cross between the village idiot and the local poet.

They had engaged the Market Hall for their auction - *cum* - musical entertainment, and then discovered that they weren't allowed even to sing! This would never do. The Market Hall belonged to the people of Dunbury, and it was up to Mr. Hassocks and his troupe to see that Dunbury got it for what they wanted it to be, and when they wanted it. Revolution is set on foot, and a most good-natured, lovable, yet determined local Gestapo arises in Dunbury's midst. Only let the people sing and they will—and they do! Here, then, is a most entertaining story which hides an urgent social—or shall we say mental?—reform. Quite the jolliest story imaginable for these black-out evenings, yet, hidden behind the laughter, quite a serious theme. As, perhaps, should be hidden in all laughter somewhere. I won't say, however, that there is a serious theme in Mr. Bentley's book—surely the best laugh of the present season! Even his victims must need

ADELAIDE STANLEY
IN "BLACK OUT AND
THESEVEN TWARPS"

This clever operetta by Henry Adler was given by members of the A.R.P. Staff at the Chelsea Polytechnic. With talent of such high order available to play "Good Fairy Vera the V.A.D.," backed by Pamela Stanley, the Hon. Mrs. Lubbock's (Adelaide Stanley's) sister, it was a certain winner. There have been several requests from A.R.P. organisations that the show should be toured

smile! Leaving actual personalities unquoted, who does not know a "Mrs. W——"?—

"Earth has not anything to show more fair
Than Mrs. W——'s peroxide hair,
Nor anything intended to beguile,
And yet so charmless as her constant smile.
Huge, shining, artificial gems encrust
Her huge though far from artificial bust;
And when she laughs, her shrill and ringing tone

Is reminiscent of the telephone.
Her conversation, like Niagara Falls,
Engulfs the visitor in spray, and if it palls
This is because it would be hard to find
A tongue so little allied to a mind."

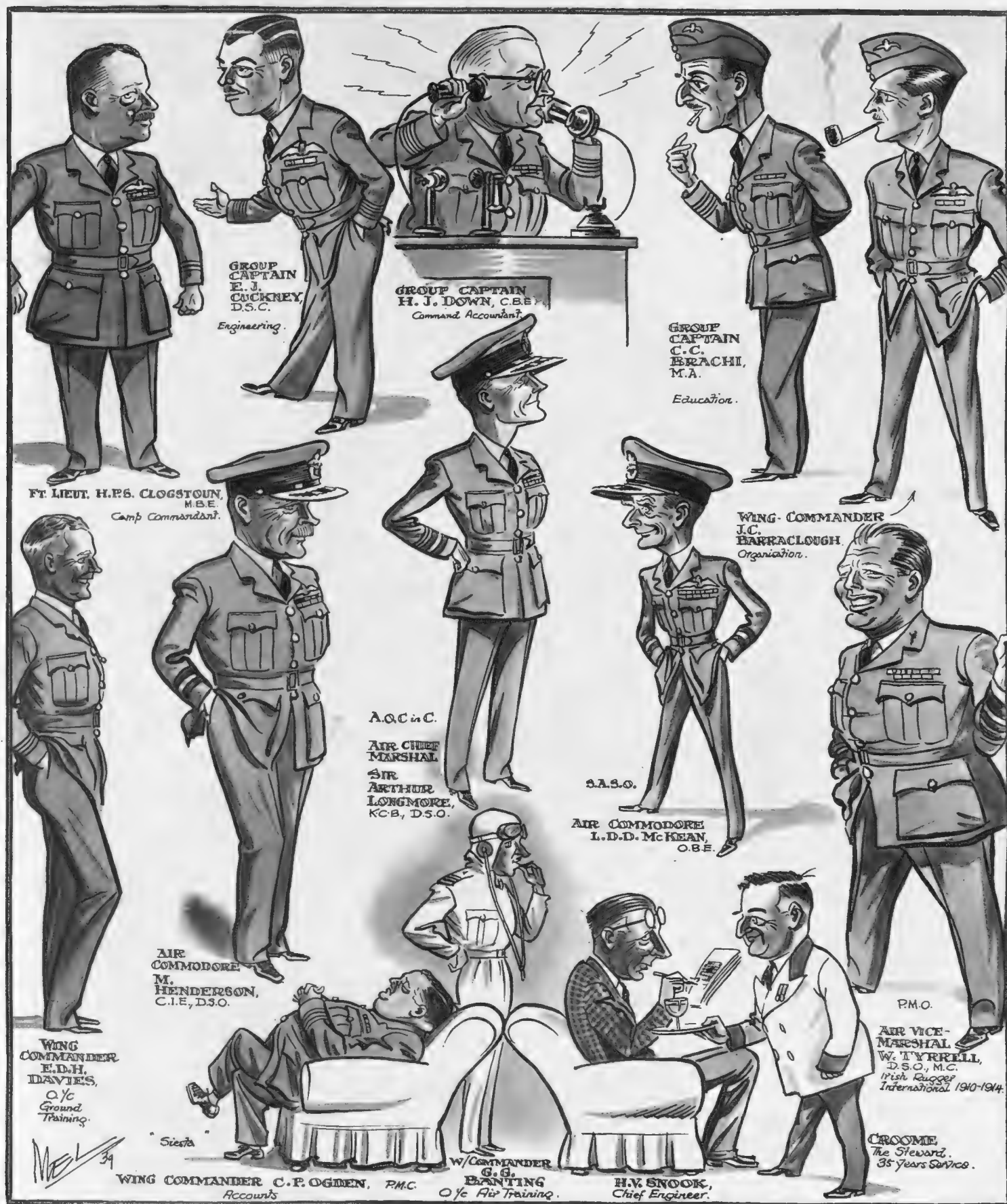
And, let me add, the illustrations are as funny and as witty as the subjects treated.



MR. A. KAYE CONGRATULATING ADELAIDE STANLEY

Mr. Kaye is Commandant of Stretcher Party No. 2 at the Chelsea A.R.P. centre, where the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Lubbock, who is an aunt of Lord Avebury, commands one of the First Aid posts

ARMY UNITS: No. 8



AN R.A.F. COMMAND—BY "MEL"

The name of the place at which these pictures were collected really does not matter, even if it were permitted to mention it. The reason is this: the R.A.F. are all over the place at the moment, as some people are finding out to their extreme discomfort. They have always been magnificent scrappers, these cavalry of the air, but even some of their best has been rivalled by what they have been doing this time. And, be it marked, they have not yet really started to set about Hitler. Air Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, the A.O.C.-in-C., was originally a sailor and finished his service with that arm as a Lieutenant-Commander. Jutland is amongst his battle honours

NEXT WEEK: NTH BATTN. QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS

HOW TO AVOID BEING DIVORCED

By MICHAEL ARLEN

THERE is a notable increase in the number of marriages, owing to circumstances over which we have no control. Every day a perusal of the long list of engagements and weddings reminds us that war inflames the passions, inspires devotion and self-sacrifice, and confuses the judgment generally. Awakened to their destiny by the grim shadow of impending battles, separate and sometimes quarrelsome entities have become twin souls, and these, waiting only to buy a new toothbrush, have dashed furiously together with a view to being happy ever after. Well, it's nice to hope.

The author of this work wishes it to be understood that unlike his fellow-thinker, Lord Castlerosse, he approves very highly of the blessed state of matrimony. Nor can he emphasise too strongly his deliberate view that once a man or woman starts getting married he or she should stop immediately. The process of marrying should be arrested forthwith, for no good can come from repeating it at irregular intervals. The bull-fighters of Spain have a happy saying that one well-aimed dart at an honest cow is more rewarding than the pursuit of a thousand gazelles. Men and women simply must learn to avoid going on getting married indefinitely, for nothing but confusion, frequently aggravated by acidity and alimony, can result from this.

Let us take the case of the United States of America. While the author yields to nobody in his disloyalty to the lofty principles of our American cousins, he wishes to point out that their method of increasing employment amongst women, lawyers and latchkey-makers by encouraging young people to marry in haste and repent for pleasure is open to grave abuses, and must inevitably result in deflation, thus seriously lowering the standard of giving.

In a treatise on matrimony published just prior to the war, I defined its larger aspects in the following significant terms:

"The functions of matrimony should at all costs not be confused with those of Clapham Junction. They are, in actual fact, very dissimilar. Marriage is an institution, in which two people—or even three, given any discretion at all—behave in a friendly, orderly and responsible fashion, the while exchanging expressions of mutual esteem. Whereas Clapham Junction is, of course, a railway station."

Let us, therefore, give war-brides and grooms a helping hand. We cannot help them to face the anxieties of war, but we might be able to do something to smooth over the difficulties that will darn near wreck them when they Really get to know each other. For even a war does not last for ever.

To begin with, all young married couples should never forget that marriage is a career. As in other careers, work is essential for success. But whereas in all other careers the successful man starts at the bottom of the ladder and climbs steadily to the top, in matrimony he starts at the very top and slides bung-o down to the ash-can—unless he puts some hard work into the job of staying at the top. Nor should it be forgotten by either bride or soldier-husband that, whereas there is a Field-Marshal's baton in every soldier's knapsack, there is also a writ-for-divorce concealed in every honeymoon valise.

The author maintains that there are many ways in which divorce may be successfully avoided, even in peace-time, though this will be stigmatised as unsound dogma by certain Californian schools of thought. Good manners, for example, are a very great help in the home. You should try it sometime, and see how it works.

Crashing bores, most of them now fortunately dead, have repeated that familiarity breeds contempt. While it is of course true that a certain degree of familiarity is necessary to breed anything at all, it is also true that contempt is bred not by familiarity, but by the know-all attitude of certain minds.

But let us return to good manners in the home. This does not mean lighting an occasional cigarette for a wife, or shuffling half-heartedly in doorways. It means, in the large sense, behaving after some years of marriage as though you were still in love with the old girl, whether that is true or not. Wives can pretend this very successfully, for they are peculiarly gifted with fidelity to the past no matter how lousy they may think the present.



You can have altogether too much truth in marriage. The divorce courts are riddled with it. Only very kind and very wise people can be trusted to deal in truths with intimate relations. If a man's wife is of the sort who says continually: "Thank heavens, I always say what I think," or "I'm glad I have a sense of humour, anyway"—both excellent excuses for being downright rude and unkind—there is nothing to be done but to go out and find a blonde who would lose her job if *she* ever said what she thought.

Tolerance is another aspect of good manners which has been found to be very serviceable in the home. For example, it is not necessary to decide that your young wife dislikes you, is out of love with you, and is intent to hurt you, just because she disagrees with you profoundly about something. Why shouldn't she disagree with you? Who the hell are you, anyway? Laugh that off.

There are certain people who simply have to be rude to somebody every once in a while. Once it is over, they become normal and decent again. A good practical tip for such people to remember is *not* to be rude to the person you know well, for you have to live with him or her, but to some comparative stranger. The usual practice, when liver reigns, is to be rude at home and painstakingly polite abroad. Reverse this.

The young wife should not forget that her husband has been brought up to believe in the fagging system. He will inevitably start by thinking of himself as the prefect. Well, let him. It is merely his vanity, the smallest of faults. Don't take his silly bits of vanity away, for all you will find then is a sulky boy who thinks the whole world is out to hurt him. Don't for pity's sake ever let him see himself as he really is. Treasure his vanity for him. Let him think he is the prefect. He will fag for you much better that way.

The above work has been written by the author in response to a moving appeal by innumerable war-brides. It is to be sincerely hoped that it will act as an influence for good on the domestic conduct of those officers and men of his Majesty's Forces who find themselves now, for the first time, in undisputed possession of wives of their own.

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*Bassano, Dover Street*

MEGAN TAYLOR TURNS PROFESSIONAL

The lovely young successor to Sonja Henie's crown as world's figure-skating champion has at last succumbed to one of the many tempting offers she has received and is, like Sonja, to become a professional. Her first engagement in her new status is to co-star with her father, Mr. Phil Taylor, in an Ice Revue at the Theatre Royal, Sydney, Australia. After a tour "down under," Megan is going to the United States, where she is expected to appear in an ice show. Then Hollywood and a film career are reported to be the likeliest happenings. In any case, there can be little doubt that her skill in the most graceful of all sports, allied to her natural charm, will ensure her success



A. DICKENS, THE WHADDON
TERRIER MAN

LONDON'S "LEICESTERSHIRE" CARRIES ON AFTER THE WHADDON CHASE HUNT MEETING



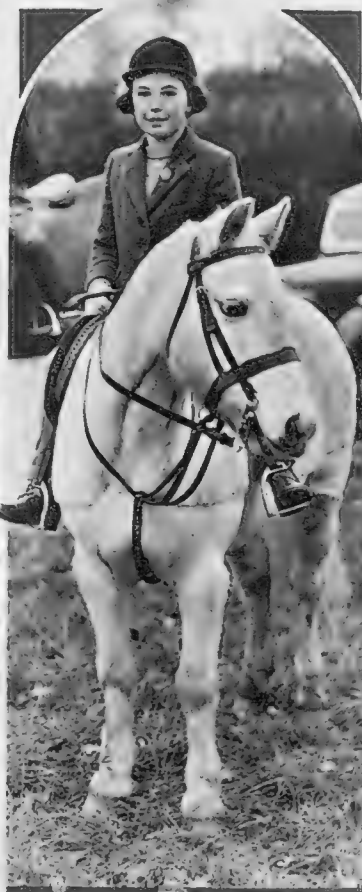
MRS. WILLIAMS AND MRS. REW AFTER THE MEETING
AT THE BELL, WINSLOW



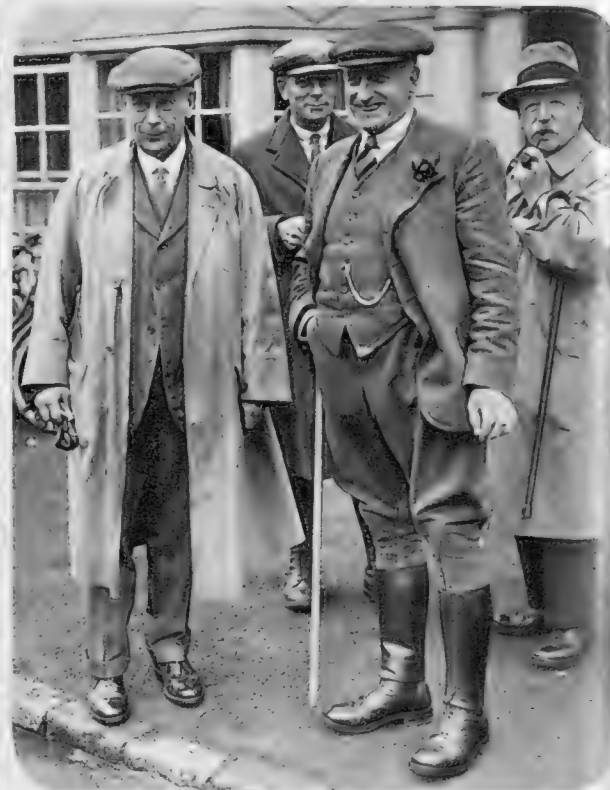
MR. SMITH BINGHAM LEAVING
AFTER THE MEETING



MAJOR DIGBY WHITEHEAD (FIELD MASTER),
CAPTAIN H. S. ROBERTS AND CAPTAIN H. MORTON



PATSY CRUISE ON
"SNOWBALL"



LORD AUCKLAND, MR. JOHN NORTH, MR. WILL
NORMAN AND MR. JOHN BUCKINGHAM, J.P.

The decision of the Whaddon Chase Committee to carry on in spite of Hitler and Co., Ltd., is a wise one, on the general principle of all work and no play being bad for everyone, especially soldiers who, when on service, have a particularly rough and bloodsome time and have a right to demand means of relaxation whenever leave and the enemy permit. The Whaddon Chase are within such easy reach of London—as are many other packs—that it is particularly appropriate that they should keep the tambourine a-rollin', for people on leave may not have all the time in life to go far afield. As a good many know, the Londoner's Leicestershire is a broth of a country over which to ride, and Lord Rosebery is one of the best Masters in the hunt list! The farmers on the Committee seem as pleased about the decision to carry on as anyone else—*vide* the group with Lord Auckland, Chairman of the Hunt Committee. Little Patsy Cruise is a daughter of Sir Dick and Lady Cruise, than whom few go better over this very formidable country. Comparisons are odious, but there are few stiffer!



Charles E. Brown

RURAL ENGLAND AT ITS BEST—THE MINEHEAD HARRIERS ON OWAY TOP

A bit of the fairyland in which West Somerset is so rich—a view from the highlands which are the leading feature of the landscape with a view of the rolling plains below. The Minehead Harriers, who date back to 1931, are a mixed pack of harriers and foxhounds, and hunt over a part of West Somerset which is also quartered by the Devon and Somerset Staghounds and some neighbouring foxhound packs. Their theatre of war is mainly centred round and about Minehead, Porlock and Dunster, their present Master, Mrs. S. Hosegood, having held the reins of government since 1932, her husband hunting hounds and also taking on a good deal of the secretarial work

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS AT

F.P.A.'S RECENT LUNCHEON



MR. A. V. ALEXANDER WITH
MR. BOHUS BENES



GENERAL SIKORSKI, COUNT RACZYNSKI,
COLONEL KEDZIOR, AND M. CORBIN



MAJOR M. STUBBE AND MAJOR-
GENERAL BEAUMONT-NESBITT



SIR SAMUEL HOARE WITH M. ZALESKI,
POLISH FOREIGN MINISTER



SIR EDWARD GRIGG, DR. H. W. EGLI,
AND DR. JAN MASARYK



SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR WITH
M. PRYTZ, THE SWEDISH MINISTER



COLONEL KEDZIOR AND COLONEL
SOURNIER

The luncheon given recently at the Savoy by the Foreign Press Association in London, with General Sikorski, the Polish Prime Minister, as guest of honour, was not only the largest such gathering since the outbreak of war, but a meeting of many of the leaders of Allied and neutral political, diplomatic, and journalistic activity. Four members of the British Cabinet were present as well as Lord Macmillan, and Sir Edward Grigg, of the Ministry of Information, which came in for some good-natured chaffing from M. Vas Dias, secretary of the Association, who talked of going indefatigably "if not from pillar to post, from peer to peer." Besides General Sikorski, Poland was represented by her Foreign Minister, M. Zaleski, and her Chief of Staff, Colonel Kedzior, while the President of the Association, Dr. Stefan Litauer, is himself a Pole. From another victim of Hitler's aggression, Czechoslovakia, came two sons of her former liberators, Dr. Jan Masaryk and Mr. Bohus Benes. A distinguished French contingent included M. Corbin, the Ambassador, and Colonel Sournier, head of the French Air Mission at present in London. From the British Opposition were Sir Archibald Sinclair, leader of the Liberals, who sat with M. Prytz, the Swedish Minister (who, incidentally, was educated at Dulwich), and Mr. A. V. Alexander, former Socialist First Lord of the Admiralty



LORD MACMILLAN AND M. ARNOLD
VAS DIAS

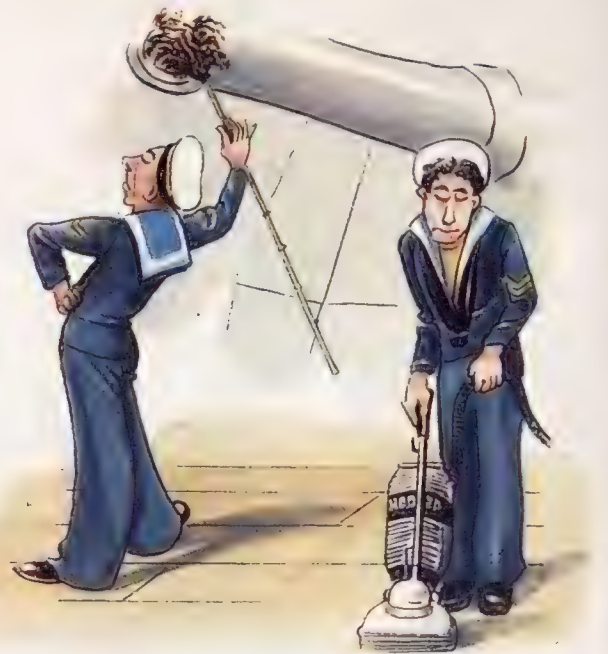


If he can say as you can
Guinness is good for you
How grand to be a Toucan
Just think what Toucan do

G.E.490.



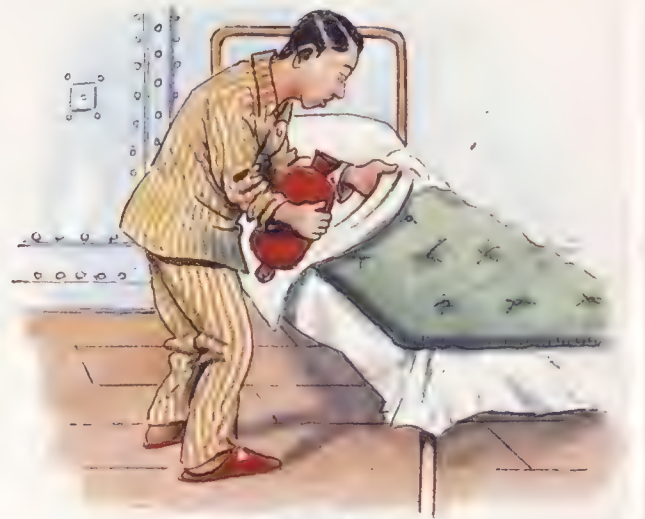
CLEANING SHIP, THEN



AND NOW



TURNING IN



TWO WAYS



SHIP AND SHORE



COMMUNICATION METHODS

OLD WAYS AND NEW WAYS IN

By WING COMMANDER



SPLICING THE MAINBRACE ONE WAY



AND ANOTHER



ALSO SHORE LEAVE



TWO WAYS



AND OLD BRAVN



v. NEW BRAIN

OUR GREAT SENIOR SERVICE

G. OAKLEY-BEUTTNER

BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE
PRINCE OF WALES
1936

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M.
KING OF SWEDEN

THE TATLER NOVEMBER 20, 1936



*Quality
Tells*

Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

LOOKING AT YOU FROM HOLLYWOOD!



BARBARA STANWYCK AND ADOLPHE MENJOU
IN THE "GOLDEN BOY" FILM



ANN SOTHERN: GLAMOROUS HEROINE OF "MAISIE"



JOYCE MATTHEWS: A LEADING LIGHT
IN "THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER"

Busy people who do their competent best to keep a harassed world at large amused. Barbara Stanwyck and Adolphe Menjou, we hope and expect, many people in London have seen recently in *Golden Boy*. It got its chance on November 24, at the Regal. Beautiful Ann Sothern has a part to her liking in *Maisie*, which is rated one of the year's big hits. Hedy Lamarr had a recent big winner in *Lady of the Tropics*. Her devoted husband, Gene Markey, is a writer and producer. Joyce Matthews has recently been in two Ruggles-Mary Boland pictures, *Boy Trouble* and *Night Work*, and is now in a third one with Charles Ruggles, *The Farmer's Daughter*, which is finished and will be at the Plaza soon



MR. AND MRS. GENE MARKEY (HEDY LAMARR)
GO TO THE FLICKERS



KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL XV.

Taken the day they had a turn-up with the Royal Naval College and, incidentally, won with their toes in their boots, as the jockeys say

The names in the group are: (l. to r., back) B. S. Cordell, H. O. Jones, E. T. Harrison, J. Edwards, T. Robson, H. McColl, and another; (second row) A. B. Kinner-Wilson, A. W. Kennett, W. J. Tyson, G. T. E. Jenkins (captain), L. D. de Launay (Hon. Sec.), W. B. Young, J. W. Warrick; (on ground) E. Haigh and J. Dawson

Crisp

WE have been permitted to glean from the primary source of Nazi Propaganda that it is proposed to make a serial story of the vituperation of the leading artistes in this present drama on the British side of the stage, and so, presumably, we may expect a vivid tale, which commenced with the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Premier, to embrace everyone down to the assistant secretary to someone who is third or fourth secretary to someone else, who is second secretary to someone else. It ought to prove to be as thrilling as any of those murder yarns which have a red-herring in every third paragraph. The only risk seems to be that the illiterate author may not be found equal to restraining the interest and suspense, things which are the very life-blood of all good horror fiction. Hitherto The Author has fallen into the trap which has put paid to the accounts of so many bad advocates. He has abused the other side's attorney. Even the stupidest lawyer that has ever lived will be able to tell you that that is the unmistakable hall-mark of a bad case. However, that is none of our business, but entirely that of the peculiarly inept person who has been briefed to lead for

Pictures in the Fire

the other side. The more he talks the better.

According to information and belief, the next one on the author's list is the Secretary of State for War. Herr Doktor Göbbels has told the world that Mr. Chamberlain has been planning the war for years, and that he has done so at the express bidding of the Children of Israel, who, presumably, have paid him handsomely. The First Lord of the Admiralty murdered Lord Kitchener, and sank the *Athenia* to bring America into the war. We are now on tenterhooks waiting to hear exactly what is in store for Mr. Hore-Belisha in particular, and for all the others waiting for the rumble of the tumbril.



MR. AND MRS. COWAN DOBSON

With the famous artist's picture of "Moll Flanders" at the private view of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition. Mr. Cowan Dobson was official portrait-painter to the R.A.F. in the last war

It is not difficult to imagine that it is going to be something extremely nasty, because it must be galling to Herr Adolf Hitler and his chief scribe, Herr Doktor Göbbels, to find themselves pitted against someone who, unlike themselves, is descended from a very martial race. Hitler never rose higher than the rank of corporal. Moses was a pretty good general in the field, besides being a better Q.M.G. than even Jack Cowans. Joshua was an even better general. At the Battle of Rephidim, Moses' first decisive action with Amalek, the Jewish C-in-C. had to have his arms held up. At the Battle of Ai, Joshua, who had then succeeded to the command, needed no such assistance. He followed this up, as the enquiring student into military history may, or may not, know, by handing the Jebusites one bang on the point at Lake Merom, the pursuit of the formidable army of Jabim, King of Hazor, carrying on as far as Great Zidon. However, the student can read all about this in Joshua's very able and lucid despatches, which are a model, as I take leave to think, for any more modern concocter of that class of literature. Even Sir Ian Hamilton himself could not have done it better. Sir Ian's



Cumming

A DANCE AT JUDGE JEFFREYS' LODGINGS

Anything reminding anyone of the gorilla who presided over the Bloody Assize hardly seems the spot for anything so unbloody as a dance. It was in aid of the Dorset Red Cross and St. John's Hospital Book Fund

In the picture are: (l. to r.) Mr. Ashley Williams, Miss Meriel Williams, Miss Rosemary Bowes-Lyon (a niece of the Queen), Mrs. Gibbons, the organisers, Miss Susan Churchill and Mr. Mark Williams



Howard Barrett

A SOUTH NOTTS GROUP AT THURGATON

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Watt with their son, Michael, on the day these hounds met adjacent-like. Mr. Watt is very well known in the racing world, particularly under N.H. rules. Like many other packs, the South Notts have decided to keep the flag flying, war or still-born war notwithstanding

By "SABRETACHE"



MISS OLIVE SNELL AND MR. FRANCIS HOWARD

Another snapshot at the private view of the Portrait Painters' Exhibition. "Olive Snell" is the talented artist wife of Colonel Eben Pike, formerly O.C. the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards

contributions from Manchuria stand as only second to Joshua's. I suggest, therefore, that for the reasons so shortly put forward, the fury that will be vented upon the Secretary of State for War will make anything that has gone before look and sound like a damp squib.

* * * Comparisons are never very desirable, but the man who was Secretary of State for War at the beginning of the last rumpus would have been very glad if he could have got off with as good a start as his very able successor in 1939. All that K. had really ready was the highly efficient "contemptible" little army, plus Lord Haldane's Territorial cadres, also highly efficient.

All the rest had to be improvised, including the ammunition supply, the credit for which was K.'s. Someone else, as we know, tried to steal the thunder, but it never really came off, in spite of all the "I, Me and Myself" publicity with which we were deluged. The present head of the Battle, Murder and Sudden Death Department was not much better off a year ago than K. It is not permissible to say how many divisions below even peace strength the Regular Army was. But we have got to hand it to Mr. Hore-Belisha for what he has managed to do in less than twelve months since last September. Kitchener would have given his right hand to have got conscription through at once; he did what he could with what were called the Kitchener Divisions, the Territorial Divisions having preceded them and won their spurs with the greatest brilliance; but Kitchener had not got what his successor has. As to the Air



Crisp

THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE XV.

Another wartime Rugby side which has been in action recently and has been doing fairly well, but, anyway, having plenty of fun

The names in the picture are: (l. to r., back) Sub-Lieut. A. Hargraves, Sub-Lieut. D. C. Wood, Sub-Lieut. J. W. Culham, Lieut. C. G. Grill, Sub-Lieut. R. D. Simmons, Sub-Lieut. W. B. N. Wilson; (second row) Sergt. G. Mann, Lieut. D. T. Collumbell, Lieut. R. L. Edmonds, Lieut. J. H. H. Perring, Lieut. R. G. Raper (captain), Dr. C. A. Green, Lieut. P. G. Fyers-Turner; (on ground) Lieut. I. M. Black, Sergt. J. Beal

Arm, we hardly had one in 1914. Look at it now. K. was not a man of many words; in fact, he hated talking, and for this reason was quite often completely misunderstood. They called him "grim" and "gruff," "self-centred," "Eastern-minded," and lots of other things, which were entirely undeserved, for he was none of them. It is quite true, however, to say that he was not a "man of much blandishment," and socially he was inclined to be shy; but his successor is different. He is a Chrysostom of eloquence; and has that way with him that would whistle a bird off a tree. Kitchener was a soldier all his life, and of a race that breeds fighters. The present Secretary of State for War did not start life as a soldier, but he fought as one in the last war *et militavit non sine gloria*, and, as it has been endeavoured to display, he traces back to a great fighting race and from a very fine general, the victor of Ai, whose descendants are supposed, and not without reason, to be those natural warriors the tribes of the North-West Frontier of India. Look at their names—Ibrahim, Ishak, Yakub, Daud, and many more, if you take the trouble to dig them out.

(Continued on page 171)



Howard Barrett

SOME MORE SOUTH NOTTS SUPPORTERS

Another picture taken on the Thurgaton day, and in it are Mr. William Francklin and Lady Nall and her daughter Elizabeth. Lady Nall is the wife of Colonel Sir Joseph Nall, the Member for the Hulme Division of Manchester. His Notts seat is Hoveringham Hall



R.A.F. PILOTS FROM RHODESIA

Colonel Meredith, of the South Rhodesian Air Force, seen visiting a certain centre where pilots are being trained. In the group (l. to r.): Group Captain F. Livock, Colonel Meredith, Pilot Officer M. W. Hartford (Bulawayo), and Squadron Leader Robin Hood



"I hate the little squirt, old boy—but thanks to him my wife's gone to stay in the country!"

MOTHER was bathing the baby, and discovered that she had forgotten to put out the infant's nightgown. Her small son was an interested spectator of the ablutionary process.

"Billy," said mother, "just run upstairs and bring me baby's nightgown."

"I can't be bothered," replied Billy.

"Oh, Billy, that is unkind of you. If you're not kind to your little sister she'll put on her wings and fly back to heaven."

"All right," retorted Billy, "let her put on her wings and fly upstairs for her nightgown."

A young widow commissioned a monumental mason to inscribe on her husband's tombstone: "My sorrow is more than I can bear." Before the work was finished the widow married again, and the mason asked her if she still wanted the inscription.

"Yes," she replied, "but just add the word 'alone' at the end."

Tommy was playing truant and attending a local football match. Suddenly to his horror he spotted the headmaster, and saw that the head had also spotted him. It was a grim moment and called for some quick thinking.

"May I ask what you are doing here?" demanded the master. "This isn't a holiday!"

"No, sir," replied Tommy, in doleful tones. "I'm just wandering about in a dazed condition, owing to loss of memory."

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

The following story is taken from the new book by Sir Seymour Hicks, "Not Guilty, M'Lord":

A charwoman was applying for a separation order from her husband.

"On what grounds?" inquired his Honour.

"Well, sir," answered the good woman, "he smokes in bed."

"That's very annoying, I am sure, but I can't give you an order simply because of that."

"Can't you, sir," she continued; "but he strikes matches on my behalf."

"That's hard," said Mr. McConnell.

"No, it's not, sir; it's very soft."

Radio and its general merits was the topic of conversation between several clubmen.

"After listening to the radio now for some years," said Smith, "my family has decided to have a little orchestra of its own. My wife is learning to play the banjo, Willie is learning to play the flute, Ernest rather fancies himself as a jazz drummer, and the two girls are learning the violin."

"And what are you learning?" asked Brown.

"I? Oh—I'm learning to bear it."

An officious and unpopular A.R.P. official was putting the stretcher-bearer party through its paces. He lay on the ground and said: "Now, remember, I'm completely smashed up. Nearly every bone in my body is broken. Now let's see how you pick me up."

The stretcher-bearers picked him up efficiently, laid him on the stretcher, and asked:

"Well, was that all right?"

"Yes, quite satisfactory," snapped the officious one, "only you didn't have the look of regret in your eyes I expected!"

"Riches," said the teacher, as he was reading to his class, "take unto themselves wings and fly away. What kind of riches does the writer mean?"

Blank looks met his gaze.

"Surely someone can answer a question like that. You, Brown, what kind of riches did the writer mean?"

Brown hesitated for a moment, and then plunged: "Ostriches, sir."



A.R.P. WARDEN: "My wife, Miss Gladstone! 'Phone the first-aid and stretcher parties at once!"

"Runaway Love," at the Saville Theatre



THIS is musical comedy, but nobody arriving at any time during the second (and most successful) Act would guess as much. About half of the show is straight, unorchestrated farce concerning Hard Luck on a Honeymoon: two runaway couples quarantined in an uncomfortably Scottish house; coy brides, nervous bridegrooms and puritanical landlady; business with wooden mattresses, door-banging, and toe-stubbing on tin trunks; many quips and clangs; and fun, especially with undressing, part-dressing, segregation of the sexes, lost trousers and chaps marooned together in a particularly hard bed with hardly any bed-clothes. It is all very wild and hilarious.

The rest is rather less hilarious, but Acts I and III are brightened up by the usual duets and quartets in good enough song and fairly good dance, to music composed by Billy Mayerl and rendered by himself and a particularly resonant Multiphone Piano Orchestra. George Gee is tireless as chief comedian, bridegroom and undresser, and gets many easy laughs. Barry Lupino, Eric Fawcett and Wyn Weaver support him as tirelessly. Duncan Sim and Margaret MacGill are appallingly Scottish and Sabbatarian. Marjorie Sandford, as one bride, is an engaging heroine-cum-comedienne of whom we shall hear more when peace comes. Young Tonie Lupino, as the other bride, makes an agreeable start in the only career which any Lupino will look at.

CHRISTMAS

By GODFREY WINN

I HAVE just returned from six weeks spent in France. In turn, I visited British G.H.Q., the advanced striking squadrons of the R.A.F., and the Maginot Line. There will be time enough later to speak of my experiences and impressions; sufficient now to say that I returned to my own country, feeling, as I flew the Channel, that I had been away a century, and yet hardly had I set foot upon the good earth again at the Aerodrome, than I was compelled to realise that nothing had changed—at least, as far as the black-out was concerned. It was only when it became *Black Velvet*, when I visited the latest show at the Hippodrome and gazed upon that new star in the theatrical firmament, Pat Kirkwood, that I knew I was glad to be home. It was just when I was wondering how many dug-outs would be brightened by her picture by the time Christmas comes that I remembered the last message that I had been given by one of the friends I had made "out there" to pass on for general distribution on the home-front.

It was to do with Christmas, of course. That's the one subject that, not surprisingly, crops up all the time. Speculation, articulate and otherwise, as to who is going to get "Blighty" leave, and who is going to get as far as Paris, and how many "Naffy" concerts there will be for those left behind, and then, just as there's a bit of a pause, and you're going to start saying something yourself about sending out a few parcels when you get home (for heaven knows that's the least one can do), they all forestall you by telling you that the only thing they want, the present that is beyond price, is—a letter full of home news.

That's true—you know that as well as I do—but all the same, it's only half the truth. They want all sorts of other things besides: not only the fairly obvious sort of things, like real English cigarettes, and lighters that work, and fountain-pens that don't leak, and their favourite girl friend's photograph in a leather folding frame that can go anywhere, and a subscription to their favourite magazine, and a portable wireless set, and the sort of scarves and socks and pyjamas (for a change, or, should I say, a change of?), that don't offend either Army regulations or the skin (in Paris I saw a natty line in khaki handkerchiefs embroidered all over the place with the words "Kiss Me Quick"), and gramophone records, and gum-boots, filled up to the brim like a Christmas stocking, and playing-cards, and dice-sets, and footballs and packets of cross-word puzzles, and soap and their favourite hair stuff, and the sort of soft things they'd never think of buying for themselves in peacetime, but you needn't doubt their welcome now; and silly, enthralling games like Chinese checkers (when I was out there, I got a famous Air Marshal to put his nose to that particular board, so don't be sniffy yourself, or talk about childish games), and books, of course.

Here we come up for breath. Here the list, if you will allow it, ceases to be quite so obvious, though, mind you, it's the sign of very bad generalship ever to ignore or despise the obvious, and if you are the least bit stumped, fall back at once on that Yuletide bromide, food, and your hamper will raise a belly cheer in whatever mess has the good fortune to share it. And don't forget the crackers, either. The ones that promise you lots of funny paper-hats, and jokes and conundrums about Hitler, and, if possible, magic fire-works (made usually in Japan), just to liven things up a bit. And there are other things which also live in the true Christmas "spirit," and fill the festive season with good cheer. Don't forget to add them to your budget: rare liqueurs, glorious gin and mellowed whisky—the "wine that maketh glad the heart of man."

But also don't forget that men in the fighting forces have minds as well as guts, and as an escape from the job in hand they will welcome books that will open the floodgates of their imagination. One example will suffice. Osbert Sitwell's enchanting new travel book, "Escape with Me." Put that into the parcel, as well as P. G. Wodehouse and Agatha Christie. You'd be astonished if I told you some of the titles of books I found lying about messes. One of the R.A.F. boys was immersed in "Vanity Fair," and one of the artillery officers in the Maginot fort I visited had just finished Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria"; and when I suggested sending him out some further additions to his underground library for Christmas, do you know what he asked for?—"Wuthering Heights." Considering that that particular fort was built



under a hill to the depth of a hundred metres, and to the extent of fourteen kilometres, I wonder that Frenchmen didn't make a slip and call Miss Brontë's masterpiece "Burrowing Heights"!

But we were talking about Christmas, and I interrupted myself in the middle of giving you a message. When I told you that they said we only want a letter full of home news, I suggested that was really only half the truth. Now I must tell you that it was only half the message, too. The other half has to do with you. Yes, you and your Christmas. They've all got a hunch that you'll be so occupied thinking about them and how they are faring, that you'll forget to let yourself go on the home front, too; that you'll send them out parcel after parcel, and do next to nothing about the rest of the family. And they loathe the idea of that: it'll make them feel self-conscious and uneasy when The Day comes—whereas, if you reassure them that you are carrying on and keeping up the traditions of the real family Christmas, including them in the toast of "Absent Friends," but taking care to see that the children and the old aunts and the friends without a family of their own don't suffer because of That Man, well, that's going to make them enjoy their own party in the mess so infinitely more.

After hearing this opinion expressed over and over again by all ranks of every branch of the Services out there, I shall have no compunction myself in spending more this Christmas on presents than I have ever done before. And the first thing I shall do is to buy all my girl friends something feminine, whether it's scent or silk stockings, chiffon handkerchiefs, or a velvet handbag, as a reminder that, whatever uniform they now wear on duty, in the hours when they become their own mistress again, it is their equally patriotic duty to doll themselves up as pretty as paint, as an answer to those "Black-out Blues." Got me? And don't you agree? If only women who insist on wearing trousers these days, would only occasionally look at themselves from behind! However, as Christmas is the season of charity and good-will, it would be unkind to give any of one's girl friends the sort of mirror that is two-faced. Of course,

(Continued on page vi)

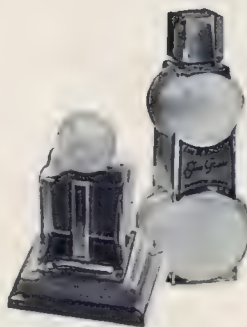
MAKE THIS AN ELIZABETH ARDEN CHRISTMAS WHETHER SHE'S



Miss Arden's Colour Harmony Box. Containing Lipstick, Rouge, Nail Varnish. Stop Red or Burnt Sugar make-ups, 16/6.



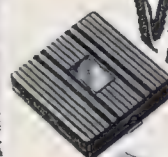
Beauty Box in black leather, lined in white. Containing essential preparations and large box of powder, 50/-.



Blue Grass, Miss Arden's favourite perfume, bottles of unusual design, 12.6 to 7 gns. Blue Grass Eau de Toilette, 17/6 and 30/-.



Flower Mist Bath Box, containing Flower Mist, Bath Cubes, Dusting Powder, and Hand Soap. All scented with Blue Grass, 22/6.



Looking-Glass Lipstick—mirror slips up as you pull out the stick. Plain gilt, 8/6. Jewelled, 10/6. Gilt compact, powder or rouge, with mirror lid, 5/6.



Morocco Leather Beauty Box fitted with essential preparations and make-up. By a clever device bottles swing up-right when the box is opened, 7½ gns.

Elizabeth Arden

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W 1

Elizabeth Arden gifts may be obtained from smart shops throughout the country. They are all wrapped attractively packed in Christmas cellophane.

"ALL THAT GLITTERS . . ."

By G. H. C. ASKEW

EVER since I've lived here I've thought it a dreary little town, and that morning in the lounge bar of the Swan I thought so more than ever. I don't know why. Perhaps the weather had something to do with it. That was dreary enough in all conscience—cold and wet, when, according to the local prophets, it should have been warm and sunny.

And the fly-blown advertisements round the walls . . . I have never found them particularly conducive to gaiety; in fact, I've spoken to Phyllis more than once about them, but as she says she cannot do anything, it's up to the management.

"Bit empty to-day," I said to her, as I ordered my usual.

"You're early," she replied. "Be a crowd along later."

And there our conversation lapsed through sheer boredom.

A new notice on the wall caught my eye; its colour was more lurid than the rest, which were cinema bills, generally at least a week out of date.

I walked over to look at it. "For two days only," it said, and then, in big print, "Sutton's Mammoth Circus"; a list of its many attractions followed. I was just about to read them, when a voice said: "Thinking of going?"

I turned in surprise, because I had imagined I was alone in the bar. But there, sitting at a corner table, was a small man with a glass of whisky in front of him.

"Well, to tell you the truth, this is the first I've heard of it," I answered.

"Not a bad show." As he spoke, I looked him over; he was an ugly little man with an attractive smile.

"You've seen it before?" I asked.

"Me?" he laughed, "I'm part of it."

I wondered then what that part could be and looked quickly down the list; surely not that of a swashbuckling trainer of lions or tigers, who cracks a whip as he paces around their cage, nor could he be "Andros" the man of iron; and then, at the very bottom, I saw "A bevy of comical clowns." Ah, I thought, that's what he must be—a clown.

He answered my unspoken question. "One of them Winged Victories . . . that's me!"

I looked again and there it was "The Three Winged Victories. In their stupendous act upon the high trapeze."

Well, anything less like a "Winged Victory" I've never seen, and I could not keep my glance from straying to the glass of whisky beside him.

He must have spotted my look, because he beckoned me over, and after I had sat down, touched his glass and said: "Surprised at that, are you?"

Well, I admit I was. "Thought you blokes would have to keep on the wagon," I said. "Safety and all that, you know; matter of split-second timing, isn't it?" He nodded, "That's right, Mister; split seconds it is, and no forgetting it with a fifty-foot dive beneath one."

"Into a net?" I murmured.

"Oh, dear me, no—not now it ain't." He took a long drink. "Can't get no crowd if you use a net—it's my belief they come hoping to see a blinking accident—morbid, they are." He paused and contemplated the advertisements on the wall opposite. "And, mark my words, they'll get their money's-worth one of these days."

"Then you think there will be an accident?"

"Sure of it," he said, "and not so long to wait, either, I'm thinking. Look at these."

He held his hands out in front of me and whistled through his teeth, "Nerves, that's what it is . . . blasted nerves."

They were certainly shaking. He went on talking. "If it weren't for that do you know where I should be now?"

"Where?" I asked.

"Looking at my name in letters a foot high at the London Palladium as like as not. . . Oh, I was good once." His eyes dropped to his now empty glass. "What are you having, mister?"

"Oh, no," I said, "this is on me," and called Phyllis over.

"Mild and bitter—and—" I looked at him.

"My special, Miss. There's whisky and whisky," he said to me. "Some's good and some's better. I've been here before, last year it was, and she remembers."

"Yes, it's nerves that have brought me to this. One goes on year after year with everything in the garden lovely,

and then suddenly it happens, without no rhyme nor reason. Take my case. . . . One night I looked down at the audience from the top bar, same as I always do, but this time I thinks to myself, Hell, but it's a mighty long fall, and imagined something lying on the sawdust down there, 'Wot looks like strawberry jam.' And this job ain't so funny when you begin to think things like that."

"No," I said, "I'm sure it isn't."

He went on: "At first I tried to laugh it off, but it weren't having any of that, and one day I felt so bad before going on that I just had to have a steadier. Well, you know the old story, it isn't long before one becomes two, and two three, and you can't do it, not in this game you can't, and as sure as I'm sitting here, one night I'll find that out, and before long, I reckon." He looked at the whisky in his glass. "Still, it's good stuff," he caressed it with his voice, "and I couldn't do without you now, could I?"

"But why don't you give it up . . . your job, I mean?" I asked him.

"Well," he replied, "a bloke's got to live, even if it ain't for very long . . . it's my bread and butter . . . see?"

The bar was beginning to get crowded, and I looked at my watch. "Good Lord, I must be up and away. Best of luck," I said, "and don't overdo it, whatever you do." I nodded towards his glass.

He gave me his hand. "Well, if you must be off, you must." Then he smiled. "I've overdone it already . . . yes, mister, we're giving a show to-night and already I'm a bit shot, and not half through yet, I ain't; worst jag I've ever had this is going to be. See you to-night, perhaps; it's not a bad little show."

As I left I heard his voice calling out almost defiantly, "Same again, please, Miss, same again."

I really don't know why I decided to go to the circus that evening. I like to think it was not just morbid curiosity, but I'm afraid that, under the skin, we've all got a touch of the old Roman.

Anyway, I did make up my mind, and spent a large part of the afternoon fixing up a suitable party, but I never said a word to anyone of my morning's meeting.

The tent was filled with the good old hot circus smell. And I noticed that the audience was quite large, the more expensive seats, like ours, being particularly well patronised.

I waved my programme at other groups of friends I spotted across the sawdust.

I suppose by Bertram Mills' standards it was a very humble production, but there was plenty of "Alley Oop!" and the Liberty horses were good, even if their plumes did need a wash. The comical clowns appeared to me quite comical, but perhaps my laughter at them was a little forced, because, all the time, I knew I was waiting for something, and feeling half-ashamed that I should be doing so.

Turn followed turn, and then the ring-master announced the Three Winged Victories. Rope ladders were lowered from the bars that swung to and fro high above our heads, a trumpet blared a fanfare, and there they were, sparkling in silver-spangled tights, a buxom wench, a great big fellow with the shoulders of an ox, and the little man I'd spoken to that morning; but he did not look so little now, I could see the play of his muscles as he moved.

They were good, there was no doubt about that. At first they performed on the lower bars and my little man was tossed from one to the other with the greatest abandon and ease. All humdrum—child's play to what, I felt, was coming . . . it was not this he feared.

He was speaking now, in a surprisingly loud voice: "I must beg the audience to keep silent while I perform my next feat—a feat so dangerous that no other living man performs it. I shall now climb to the topmost bar"—he pointed upwards to where it hung—"and from there dive backwards into space. During that dive, I shall turn two complete somersaults before grasping the rings of the lower trapeze. Now, with your permission, Ladies and Gentlemen. . . ." He turned and began to climb lightly up the ladder. I watched him enter the haze of grey smoke which curled around the lights hanging from the top of the tent.

He reached the high trapeze and stepped on to it. A few voices still broke the silence, but he raised his hand and they were hushed. All eyes were gazing up at him as he

(Continued on page ii)

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MRS. RICHARD PEARSE

A recent portrait of the famous airwoman, to whom the birth of a daughter has been announced. Mrs. Pearse, who before her marriage last year was Miss Dorothy Spicer, was the first woman to gain the Air Ministry's "A," "B," "C," and "D" licences and the first woman to hold a technical appointment in British civil aviation when she joined the Air Registration Board. Her husband is a Flight Lieutenant in the R.A.F.

was that—thank goodness—there were casualties every day.

One of the squadrons I called on—equipped with medium bombers—has a marvellous mess, with the walls decorated by a French mechanic who is a painter in private life. There are pictures of British and French machines, including Moranes, Curtisses and Potez "63's," and there are the British and French red, white and blue cockades set up side by side.

I also noticed that the squadron's own special heraldic expert had devised a remarkable coat of arms. It is over the door, and is in four quarters, each one making some striking, if unprintable point. It is an ingenious piece of heraldry, but I think it would take an R.A.F. man to interpret it and the magic figures above it.

Also in this squadron was a small "ladder," with slits containing cards bearing the names of the officers. Order of merit and de-merit in this ladder is assessed according to the officer's proven abilities in the consumption or other disposal of strong liquor.

Walls of Ears.

It is all very well, this insistence on the risk of talking about anything connected with the war, owing to the danger of its being overheard by an enemy agent, but it can be carried too far. Silence may be golden, but we are now living in an age of bank-notes. Personally, I think that a measure of social talkativeness can safely be allowed, and that the individual usually knows just where to stop.

One bar, in an hotel not far from an R.A.F. squadron station, is presided over by a certain Marianne, and if she chose to listen she would certainly hear everything that there was to hear about the war in the air. But she is much too busy handing out glasses of the wine of the district, which is sold at a low charge and has an invigorating and enlightening effect. A *coupe* in time saves an indiscreet disclosure.

And for variety, there is always the nearby Oriental palace, a deservedly popular and altogether delightful place of entertainment. Here those who feel "so disposed" can discuss the air-war in perfect safety—though most of them will probably prefer to discuss something totally different.

Da Capo.

It seemed, in the Royal Air Force squadrons I have been visiting in France, as if we had gone back to 1914 to start again at the beginning. There were the same kind of men in the same kind of surroundings, saying the same kind of words, doing the same kind of things. It was a case of all over again on the Western Front.

Almost the only difference compared with the latter stages of the earlier war

no shattering



MISS JOAN WICKHAM-LEGG

Another uniformed visitor to the race meeting shown above was Miss Joan Wickham-Legg, who is a sergeant in the Women's Royal Air Force

AIR EDDIES By OLIVER STEWART

Some of the stories of the efforts of the Royal Air Force to cope with the French language are devastating. It almost seems that it must have been an R.A.F. man who originally translated "*coup de grâce*" as "lawn-mower." But it is really good to see officers and men determined to get the hang of the language if they can. Already they are beginning to discover its attractions.

Meanwhile, in the villages where the R.A.F. is billeted the French children think that their chance has come, and engage the officers in bright, if complicated, English conversation whenever they meet them in the street.

Censorship.

One thing I must add about my trip to R.A.F. units in France; it is a word of thanks for the excellent efforts of Wing Commander Bishop, Squadron Leader Narracott, and the others who were working on the same job, for the help they gave in the obtaining and putting through of information. It is true that we hardly ever set off at the hour intended; that cars got lost; gum-boots mislaid and messages held up; but in view of the inherent difficulties of the situation, it was astonishing that there were not many more troubles.

One evening a long argument broke out between the head censor—as one might call him—and a small group of writers, as to what they were allowed to say and what they ought



R.A.F. OF BOTH SEXES

The smart blue uniform of the W.R.A.F. is rapidly becoming very fashionable and taking its place beside its masculine original. Here at a recent race meeting were Wing-Commander R. C. Blomfield, D.S.O., who was seconded from the 5th Dragoon Guards to the R.A.F. in 1915 and was Director of the post-war Aviation Mission in Poland and later Director of Recruiting at the Air Ministry, with Company Commander P. A. E. Baylis and Company Assistant E. C. Bather

to have been allowed to say. I sympathised with the writers; but I could not help admiring the adroitness and suave reasonableness with which the officer concerned—let us call him Group Captain X—met the complaints. If all censors were as tactful and as understanding as he, we should have much less difficulty.

The Enemy.

Our pilots in France do not make the mistake that is now sometimes made in England of under-rating the enemy. The Dornier "17" which I saw brought down by a British "Hurricane" fighter in a French village was shattered to thousands of small fragments; but there was sufficient evidence to show that materials and workmanship were both good. The view was expressed by Mr. Masefield and others with expert knowledge that the machine might have had the new Daimler-Benz 1150-h.p. engines. It certainly had the V.D.M. constant speed, full-feathering airscrews.

(Continued on page ii)

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PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

Gas Attack on Rats.

NATIONAL RAT WEEK was celebrated recently. This may have accounted for the peculiar sight of a motor-car with its exhaust piped up to a tube, the other end of which disappeared under an outhouse. The engine was running and pumping carbon-monoxide into the rats' home, while the car-owner's terrier stood by waiting for results. These soon materialised, and were quickly polished off by the dog.

I remember the same method being employed by the Atco motor mowing machine people for dealing out death to moles in gardens. In this case the mower's trailer or its own exhaust-pipe was tubed into the mole-hole and poisoned the vermin with a few puffs. I wonder if the same plan would work in the case of a wasps' nest? Has anyone tried it instead of the old-fashioned carbide-and-water trick?

The Red "L" Again.

Driving tests are to start again in the New Year. The young's reaction to them is that in these days of great events they are merely a pettifogging nuisance, a waste of petrol and a use of energy, time and money which could be spent better in other directions. Motoring to-day is either very safe in the daytime owing to the deserted state of the roads, or else highly dangerous at night owing to the black-out. No amount of teaching or examination can help much as far as night-time motoring is concerned. And as for the rest, provided the learner is familiar with the Highway Code and applies care and courtesy in a practical way to his dealings with other road-users, the examiners may be more lenient than they were in pre-war days. For to-day the young motorist can often make himself useful provided he need not be accompanied by another driver.

Continental Atmosphere in South Devon.

Because some of my happiest holidays have been spent under the ægis of Autocheques, Graham Lyon's Continental and American hotel touring agency, I am glad to hear that the organisation is to be kept ticking over during the war. It appears that a skeleton staff has moved from Regent Street to Château Bellevue, above the River Dart at Totnes, in South Devon. Lyon is running this place as an hotel, with a distinctly Continental touch in such things as food and amenities. Golf, fishing, and shooting are available in the neighbourhood. Dogs and children are welcome, there's an absence of hotel hot air in the management, and the terms are most moderate. So if your petrol ration won't take you there, remember the G.W.R. will, and without a change.

America's New Models.

The New York show disclosed the standardised fashions of the latest American cars. Very wide front seats, sometimes measuring nearly five feet across, immense luggage-containers, and what are described as torpedo bodies are notable trends. The bodies follow the pattern pioneered by Lincoln "Zephyr," and certainly have an



TEN THOUSAND MILES A WEEK

The Southern Railway headquarters' staff has been decentralised under war conditions. A part of their organisation is a service of despatch-riders, to maintain contact between the departments. Already doing ten thousand miles a week, the importance of this service will be increased if ordinary means of communication are disrupted

imposing appearance. Steering-column control for the gear-change is now practically universal, as is independent springing for the front wheels. Innovations, as far as American cars are concerned, are provided by traffic direction-indicators and sunshine roofs, the latter being, of course, an invention originated in England by the late Mr. R. W. Maudslay, then chairman of the Standard Company in Coventry.

Origin of the Sunshine Roof.

It was soon after the last war when I had the idea of fitting a car with a transparent roof that I spoke to Mr. Maudslay about it. Thereupon he produced drawings of a sunshine or sliding roof with which he was experimenting, and soon after that a Standard car actually appeared fitted with this device. I still believe that a transparent roof, provided with a black-out arrangement in the form of a blind or panel, would be a worth-while development, especially in modern times, when people are so much more conscious of mountain, cloud, and architectural effects, not to mention the activities of aircraft.

A Wonderful Nut.

A nut, the most prosaic and standardised part of a motor-car, one would think. Accepted from the earliest days of engineering as one of the unalterables, the fundamental device for securing one piece to another. Well, the other day I was shown an entirely new combined nut and washer, invented in America and used by the billion for all kinds of purposes. It consists of a bit of spring steel with a hole and two spring ears in the middle of it. The ears grip the thread or the polished shaft of the bolt, for that matter, instantaneously and with as good if not better pertinacity than that of the ordinary nut and spring washer. The nut's application is direct, and it weighs maybe ten, twenty or thirty times less than the ordinary nut.

The Speed Nut, as it is called, affords an excellent example of how progress bobs up even in things that have long been accepted as final. In other words, there is nothing that cannot be done better. This simple little gadget will not only save material, money and time in course of manufacture, but also in its application. Owing to its light weight it should have an immense vogue in aircraft. The makers are Simmonds Accessories, Ltd., Great West Road, London.



LORD NUFFIELD AND JOHN GIELGUD

The sum of £141 was raised for the British Red Cross Fund when John Gielgud lectured at the New Theatre, Oxford, recently on "Shakespeare in Peace and War." Among the audience was Lord Nuffield, who himself made an appeal from the stage on behalf of the Fund

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The Highway of Fashion

BY M.E. BROOKE



IT would be a dreary world were Christmas presents to be forgotten; naturally this year they will be of a practical character. There is nothing more refreshing—and how much this is needed—all the world over than Lenthéric Tweed perfume. It is essentially for women who revel in outdoor life. Among its good companions is the Tweed Bouquet, with its wondrously subtle fragrance which is repeated in the soap. These gifts are sold practically everywhere, but if difficulty is experienced in obtaining them, application must be made to Lenthéric, 17 Old Bond Street.



EVEN though the days be strenuous, evenings are becoming bright with the men on leave. To Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, must be given the credit of this flattering black velvet evening dress, accompanied by a scarf, lined with rose crêpe chiffon, which may be arranged in a variety of ways

MAPPIN AND WEBB, of Oxford Street, Regent Street and Queen Victoria Street, are showing the above suggestions. There is the service writing-case, and a note-case with space for an identity card, notes, season ticket and so on. There is a roll gas-mask case, and a calf handbag with space for a gas-mask case



ON all occasions the feet must be well protected, otherwise colds are easily caught. Every one must visit the Dolcis salons at 350 Oxford Street, and study the footwear there displayed. Illustrated are ankle boots in ice calf with crêpe rubber soles, fleece lined and finished with fleecy turnovers, and the price is a guinea. In the background is a suède "boot," really a high-built shoe reaching to the ankle, for 25s. 9d., while the low-heeled soft calf leather shoe with crocodile apron is 29s. 6d.



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Christmas

(Continued from page 302)

if it's a question of a present for a fellow who has to shave in the dawn, that's a different matter, especially if someone else provides him with a safety razor.

That's the present I have been awaiting for years, and never received. While one's fishing, one may as well re-bait the hook and suggest that the woman who gives any man either the sort of jumper that can be worn under any uniform, military or otherwise, or the sort of gloves that can be worn with, ditto, ditto, or the sort of scarf that isn't shy-making even in a blackout, or the sort of dressing-gown that won't let down the old school tie in an air-raid parade, is going to be considered a much more talented and generous giver than the woman who has to be "different," whatever the cost. Oh, those presents that are "different" . . . and their fate. The times bring their own Christmas inventions, like identification disks for civilians, worn on a chain above your wrist-watch, and toy Maginot forts for the children, complete with batteries to bring up the guns into place for action, but for the rest . . . let's make it a traditional Christmas all along the line, if for no other reason than the best one of all that those whom you will toast when you raise your glass to "Absent Friends," wish it so.

Well, I've delivered their message. The rest is up to you.

Pictures in the Fire—(Continued from page 299)

Major-General A. C. Temperley, whose erudite articles on this war and warfare in general in the *Sunday Times*, we all read, says: "Hitler is becoming in an increasing degree, the prisoner of his generals." Information which came to me through Holland, and is not more than a fortnight old, told me that the boot was on the other leg, and that even von Keitel was terrified of this man. The reason given was that they were all afraid of their jobs, Hitler having control of the purse-strings. It was further stated that the G.O.C.-in-C., and the whole General Staff had a lively memory of the fate of von Fritsch. The intelligence is quite authentic.

* * *

From the same source came the further information that none of the German factories close up to the Dutch frontier had been evacuated, neither had the civilian population—yet. If operations against Holland were in immediate contemplation, it was suggested that these things and people would have been cleared out of the way. What is the deduction?

* * *

This news of a herd of drunken elephants in Kenya colony is most intriguing at this moment. Kenya is not the only place where animals are "elephants." These Kenya beasts are supposed to have been eating the nuts of the *dom* palm, which ferment in the stomach and produce a most intoxicating fluid. The wretched animals are stated to have been staggering bow-legged all over the country. Our elephants, nearer home, have been doing the same thing and are nothing like sober yet. The hangover will probably be terrible.

* * *

Concerning a list of pairs of brothers serving in the same regiment, and one recently furnished by General Kentish, and published in these notes and which was considered to be the record (five pairs in the Royal Irish Fusiliers), this has now been capped by one of six pairs, in the South Wales Borderers, the famous 24th Regiment, of Rorke's Drift and Isandhlwana fame. A distinguished correspondent writes me the following most interesting letter:—

"General Kentish's list of brothers serving in one regiment, mentioned in your 'Pictures in the Fire,' of November 8, is not unique.

"At the beginning of this year there were serving in the 24th Regiment (The South Wales Borderers), six pairs of brothers, to wit:—

"Major C. F. Blackden, Lieutenant H. C. Blackden (Captain B. A. Blackden, who retired a short time ago, has now rejoined); Major R. I. Sugden, Captain G. B. Sugden; Captain A. G. Martin, Lieutenant P. J. Martin; Captain J. O. Crewe-Read; Lieutenant R. O. Crewe-Read; Captain R. F. F. Gillespie, Lieutenant H. P. Gillespie; Lieutenant D. R. Llewellyn, Second-Lieutenant F. C. Llewellyn. To the great regret of all who knew him, Second-Lieutenant Llewellyn died a few months ago. Of these sets of brothers, four pairs are the sons of former serving officers.

"In addition, beginning with the colonel of the regiment and his son, the numbers of fathers and sons and more distant relationships, are legion."



“... AND THIS CHRISTMAS AGAIN I HOPE!

It seems a shame but it always works out well in the end. He asks me carefully guarded questions about my wardrobe, surveys my handbag, pumps my friends for new ideas, and looks more harassed as the days go by.

In the end he does the right thing, and gives in the grand manner, bless his husbandly heart! Boxes of sheer, beautiful Bear Brand Stockings. Just the very gift, in fact, I would have given myself.”

Bear Brand
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3'11 - 4'11 - 5'11 - 6'11 - 8'11



THE POET SINGS OF A WOMAN'S HANDS

*"Oh! he said I had the neatest hands,
The sweetest in the world my hands,
He said that Love had curled my hands
To cling about his heart."*

Strangely beautiful lines these by Frank Sidgwick. In exquisite word painting the poet expresses the glamorous appeal of beautiful hands. How few realise that even a plain woman can be interesting if she has smooth, white, carefully-tended hands, and that the prettiest, best-dressed woman can be utterly spoilt if her hands betray neglect; for one's hands are always in the limelight, arresting attention by their graceful movements, whether at work or play, knitting, typewriting, playing bridge, pouring out tea, arranging flowers. Hands catch the eye and tell a tale.

At your next party just look round and see how many of your friends are self-consciously trying to hide their hands and how few are proud of them and glorying in their smooth white beauty.

It is not the daily tasks that spoil the hands, but neglect; yet a tenth of the time that is spent on the complexion can secure for every woman this easily acquired charm.

The secret is Dubarry's Crème Shalimar, just a little massaged into the hands at bedtime. Next morning you will be utterly amazed at the improvement. Use Crème Shalimar every night all the year round, but especially when winter comes. Dubarry's Crème Shalimar is sold by chemists everywhere in tubes at One and Threepence.



There is something essentially feminine and attractive about a woman who is always fresh and fragrant as a flower. After golf, riding, or any outdoor exercise, Dubarry Talcum is cooling and unbelievably refreshing.

Used when dressing for the Theatre, Dance, or Dinner, Dubarry Talcum is the finishing touch for soignée perfection. Available in many famous Dubarry Perfumes including "Romance," "Heart's Delight," etc.

DUBARRY'S Talcum Powder

Obtainable everywhere. Price Two Shillings per large flask



Truman Howell
MR. STOBO PRICHARD AND
MISS JOAN SUZANNE WEBBER

Mr. Prichard is a member of the well-known Glamorgan family which has resided in South Wales for ten generations, and his fiancée is the only child of Sir Robert and Lady Webber, of Mathern Lodge, Cardiff

the late Mr. C. C. Pollock, of Lydham, Bishop's Castle, and of Mrs. Pollock, at present at Norfolk Cottage, Littlehampton. The marriage will take place between Mr. James Maxwell, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Maxwell, of Glasgow, and Miss Anne Wright, daughter of the late Mr. J. B. Wright, O.B.E., and Mrs. Wright, of Arran Court, Purley. The wedding will also take place in December between Mr. Henry Courtenay Wharton, of Luckley, Moreton-in-Marsh, and Miss Daphne Crookenden, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Crookenden, of Woodridings, Woking.

Recently Engaged.

The engagement is announced between Second Lieutenant Sir Henry John Lindores Leslie, Bt., 12th Royal Lancers, only son of the



Bassan
MISS JUNE COVERDALE

Whose engagement has been announced. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Coverdale, of 24 Emperor's Gate, Kensington, S.W.7, and is engaged to Mr. Basil Dunsford Dottridge, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Dottridge, of Rosemary, Purley

Weddings and Engagements

Today's Wedding.

The marriage will take place quietly today at the Parish Church, Alloa, between Mr. Andrew Fenwick Haig, elder son of Doctor and Mrs. Kenneth G. Haig, of Gogarath, Lanidloes, Montgomeryshire, and Miss Mary (Maura) Regan, eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Regan, of Cumnock, Ayrshire.

December Weddings.

The marriage has been arranged, and will take place quietly in December between Lieutenant John Arthur Stanley Davey, R.N., son of Captain and Mrs. Davey of The Manor House, Beckford, Gloucestershire, and Miss Elizabeth Diana Pollock, elder daughter of



SUB-LIEUTENANT AND MRS.
HERBERT FERDINANDO

Who were married recently. Before her marriage the bride was Miss Lorna Ogden, elder daughter of Captain William Ogden, of 4 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1, and her husband is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinando, of Basildon Park, Berkshire



Harlip
MISS TERESA LISTER ROBINSON

The elder daughter of Sir Roy Lister Robinson, O.B.E., and Lady Lister Robinson, who is engaged to Pilot Officer Paul Richey, R.A.F., son of Lt.-Col. G. H. M. Richey, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Richey

late Wing Commander Sir Norman Leslie, Bt., C.M.G., C.B.E., and Lady Leslie, and Miss Diana Silva Howard Thompson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Thompson, of Bishton Manor, Albrington, Shropshire; Mr. John Brook, only son of the Censor of St. Catherine's Society, Oxford, and Mrs. Brook, and Miss Marian Byers, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Byers, of Howgate, Potters Bar, Middlesex; Lieutenant Richard Michael Smeeton, Royal Navy, younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward Leaf Smeeton, of Bedford, and Miss Maria Elizabeth Hawkins, younger daughter of the late Mr. Cecil Horlock Hawkins and Mrs. Hawkins, of 29 Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7; Lieutenant Charles Patrick Cay Noble, R.N.V.R.

son of Admiral Sir Percy Noble, K.C.B., and Lady Noble, of Admiralty House, Hong Kong, and 36 Sloane Court, and Miss Peggy Hopwood, younger daughter of Admiral Ronald Hopwood, C.B., and Mrs. Hopwood, of 7 Sloane Gardens; Mr. John Reginald Hall Parlbly, the Devonshire Regiment, younger son of the late Major R. J. Hall Parlbly, and Mrs. Hall Parlbly, of The Vicarage, Bishop's Lydeard, Somerset, and Miss Angela Suzanne Layton, youngest daughter of Vice-Admiral G. Layton, C.B., D.S.O., and Mrs. Layton, of 80 Guardamangia, Malta; Mr. Edward Murray de Mèrindol Malan, only son of Mr. Walter de Mèrindol Malan, I.C.S. (ret'd.), of The Thatched Cottage, Littleham, Exmouth, and the late Mrs. Malan and Miss Audrey Mary Harris, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Cecil Harris, of Kensington.



Hay Wrightson
MISS VIRGINIA BRAND

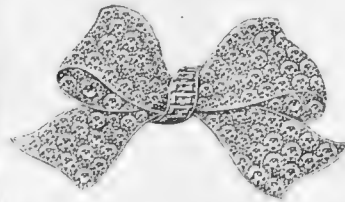
Whose engagement has been announced to Mr. John Metcalfe Polk, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Polk, of New York, U.S.A. She is the eldest daughter of the Hon. R. H. Brand and the late Hon. Mrs. R. H. Brand



BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

The Giving of Gifts

The choosing and giving of beautiful gifts—will bring us more pleasure this Christmas than ever before. At The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company you will find a profuse array of timely suggestions—at prices suitable to everybody. You will be able to choose the exact, personal present for each of your friends. If you cannot call, may we send you our illustrated Gift Brochure which includes special suggestions for those on Active Service? We would like you to send for it soon because it will help us so much if orders are posted early this year.



Diamond Bow Brooch £150.0.0



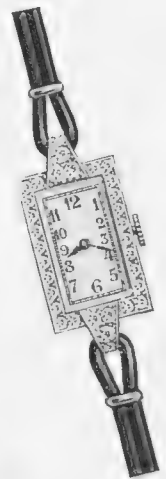
Diamond Clip Brooch £17.10.0



Diamond Ring £32.0.0



Diamond Eternity Ring
£27.10.0



Diamond and Platinum
Watch on silk cord
£25.0.0

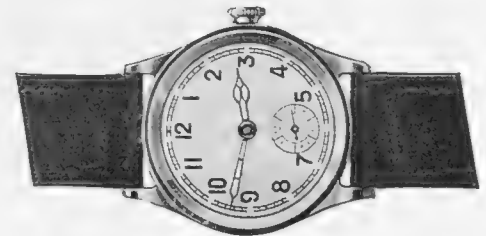
Aquamarine and Diamond
Brooch £22.10.0



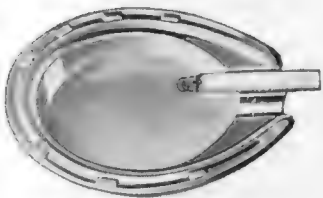
Sapphire and Diamond
Ring £56.0.0



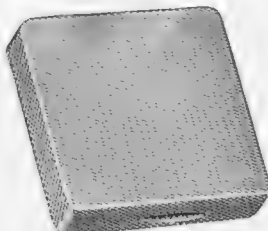
Sapphire and Diamond Double Clip
Brooch £145.0.0



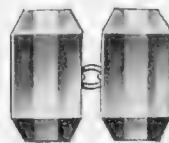
Active Service Watch in Stainless Steel and
Chromium case. Luminous. Fitted with Silver
Identity Disc on strap £3.10.0



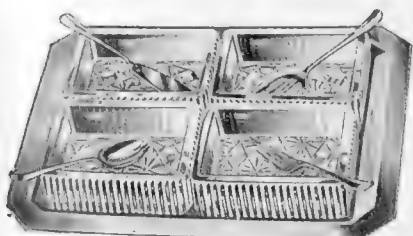
Sterling Silver "Horseshoe"
Ashtray £1.10.0



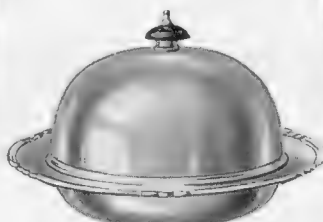
9-ct. Gold Engine-turned Box-
shape Vanity Case.
2½ inches square - £18.10.0
2½ " " - £22.10.0
In Sterling Silver with 9-ct.
Gold Thumbpiece.
2½ inches square - £3.0.0
2½ " " - £3.10.0



18-ct. Gold and Platinum
Links £7.0.0



Regent Plate Hors D'Oeuvres
Dish with four Cut Glass
Dishes and Servers £3.0.0



Sterling Silver Muffin Dish
with Division for Hot Water
£6.15.0

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Second Floor



Wool for your Dinner Gown

Sensible and smart, this wool gown relies on perfection of cut and styling for its attraction, a lovely medium too for the chunky jewellery now so much the vogue. This appealing style can be bought in the lovely Twilight Blues, of Carbon and Airforce, also in Pansy, Wine or Black. Hip sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42ins. **4½ gns.**

It is regretted that this gown cannot be sent on approval.

Model Gown Department—Second Floor

Selfridge & Co. Ltd.

MAYfair 1234

"All that Glitters"

(Continued from page 304)

looked down and waved. "Same as I always do," his words flashed through my mind. And I hated myself for being there and hated the thought of what I soon might see, "Something wot looks like strawberry jam," and its stain spreading across the fresh sawdust.

With one foot and then the other, he tested his grip. I longed to drag my eyes away from him and keep them shut, and so hide the whole scene that was about to happen, but I could not do so, the fascination was too strong. He raised his arms above his head, and down below the drums began to roll. The muscles of his thighs thrust outwards and he was in the air—falling. I watched his body turn once and then again. The rings on the lower trapeze dangled beneath him.

And then it was over, the tension broken, cheers and clapping rose from all around me as he swung himself up to sit astride the bar. The rest of the programme meant nothing to me; I felt rather sick; and was glad when the band played through a travesty of *God Save the King*.

It had ceased raining when we got outside, and the friends I had seen fought their way through the crowd and joined us. "Damned good, those Winged Victory's," one of them said. "Funny thing," said another, "I met that little one, the fellow who did the dive, in a pub this evening, fairly knocking back the whisky. Told me the story of his life, how his nerves had gone and he was reduced to drinking to get Dutch courage. But he knew he'd kill himself by it. Told me that he'd never drunk so much before as he had today. I suppose it was ghoulish to have come here at all, but somehow I couldn't keep away."

I said nothing; never mentioned my meeting with him, but my suspicions were aroused. After all there are many queer ways of advertising, and as the old saying goes:

"All that glitters is not gold——" Likewise whisky—perhaps.



A SCOTTISH CHRISTENING

The baby daughter of Captain and Mrs. C. J. F. Platt was christened Rosemary at Holy Trinity Church, Melrose, last week. The picture shows Rosemary outside the church with her parents and her sister Daphne. Captain Platt, who is Lord of the Manors of Barnby and Beckingham is in a famous cavalry regiment

Air Eddies

(Continued from page 306)

The Dornier "17" in this form has a ceiling of about 9,000 metres and the British pilot, a New Zealander—first made contact with it at 8,200 metres.

There was, about this time, a general impression in England, that nothing was happening on the Western Front. That was not quite true. A lot of reconnaissance flying was being done by both sides, and there had been intensive photographing of German positions by Fairey "Battles." It is true that the pilots themselves ask what is happening, and I heard the view frequently expressed that "things" would start in the spring. But there is no doubt that a lot of useful information has been amassed against the possibility of "things" beginning much earlier.

Aircraft recognition seems to be the chief trouble. In this war, as in the last, it often happens that our own machines are fired on by our own anti-aircraft guns. Sometimes our own pilots mistake our own machines, as has happened already, both in England and in France. In consequence, it is satisfactory to note, that British aeroplanes are now once again to have the red, white and blue stripes on the rudders, in addition to the cockades on the wings. These stripes help a lot in recognition. They were removed—if my memory is correct—in response to a memorandum from Farnborough, in which it was alleged that the weight of the paint was enough to upset the static balancing. Anyhow, the stripes are now going back.

CANdid comments by Miss CAN

When folk
you meet
seem quite
serene
It's just
because
Their blood-
stream's clean!



Strain and anxiety cannot be conquered by C.3 health. Get that bloodstream clean, the liver spots out of the way, the impurities out of your nervous system—and you can look things full in the face, even a war. That's why you should take Eno's 'Fruit Salt' every morning. It's the golden rule of fitness — gets you up full of vigour in the morning—and keeps you like that. Never did you need it, as you need it today!

First thing every morning!



Pour a little Eno's into your hand, slide it into a glass of water—and up it goes! Even as you drink it you feel it doing you good, cleansing and refreshing your whole system. Eno's is as pure as fresh fruit. Price 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6. Get a bottle today.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

• The words 'Eno' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trademarks



It's THE QUALITY THAT MATTERS



To the discerning one thing, and one thing only, matters in a cigarette — its quality. You can obtain a few more cigarettes for the price that 555s cost. But isn't it far more pleasurable to smoke a really first-class cigarette? Remember, it is not by chance alone that 555s are known as "the best cigarette in the world." The discriminating palates of men in the Services, of people in private life, in this country and throughout the world, attest to this fact. Yet this outstanding cigarette costs so little more to enjoy.

STATE EXPRESS 555

THE BEST CIGARETTE IN THE WORLD • COSTS SO LITTLE MORE

FOX CATCHING IN IRELAND AND SCOTLAND



WITH THE DUHALLOW: MR. MACGILLICUDDY, MRS. LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH, M.F.H.,
MRS. WALTON AND MISS P. MACGILLICUDDY



WITH THE BUCCLEUCH: MRS. ALEX MITCHELL AND MAJOR
THE HON. DAVID BALFOUR AT RIDDELL LILLIESLEAF

As in England so in the other parts of the British Isles, fox-hunting is not going to allow itself to be killed by this war, which may crack up sooner than some of us are inclined to think. Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth is carrying on the Duhallow in the absence of her husband and Mr. A. C. Fane on service; and in Scotland the Buccleuch are keeping the flag mast-headed. Mrs. Alex Mitchell is the wife of a former joint-Master of the Lauderdale. The Hon. David Balfour is the brother of Lord Kinross who succeeded to the title quite recently



FLEECE WOOL UNDERCOATS
Long Sleeves with Elastic
Wristbands 40/-

FLEECE SLEEPING BAGS
BALACLAVA HELMETS
WOOL BLANKETS
WOOL LINED GLOVES
HEAVY FLANNEL SHIRTS
RIBBED WOOL SCARVES

GIFTS

ALKIT "WARMITIES"
are specially designed for those on
ACTIVE SERVICE



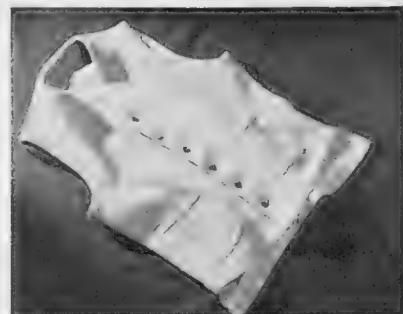
WOOL CARDIGANS
KHAKI and R.A.F.
17/6 & 27/6



LEATHER
WAISTCOAT 35/-
LONG SLEEVES £2.10.0



SHEEPSKIN DYED BEAVER UNDERCOAT
Full Length £5.10.0



FLEECE WOOL WAISTCOAT. CAMEL
COLOUR 13/6

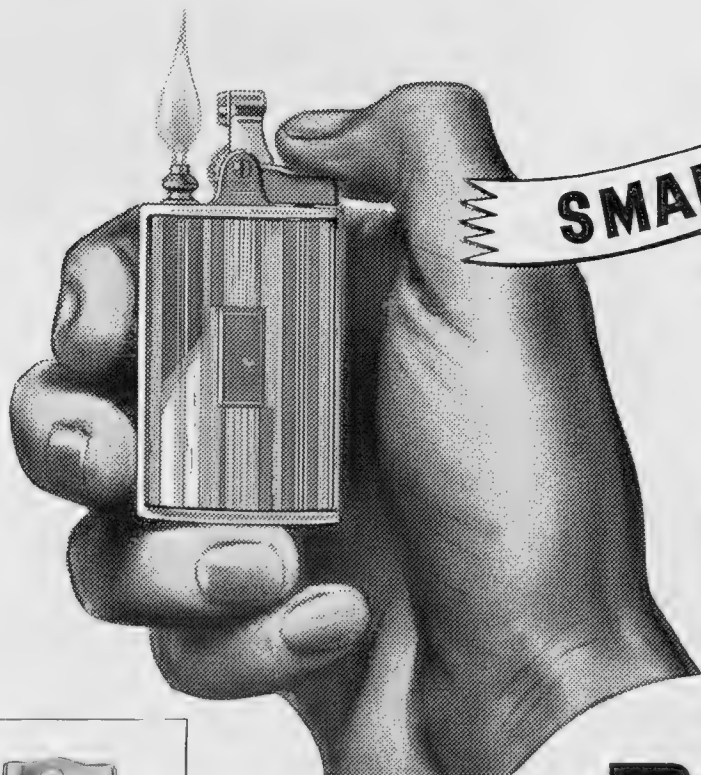
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NAVAL, MILITARY AND R.A.F. OUTFITTERS

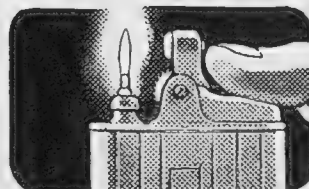
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Approved Outfitters to His Majesty's Forces

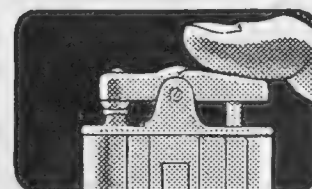


SMART'S THE WORD

QUICK'S THE ACTION



FLIP AND IT'S LIT



RELEASE AND IT'S OUT

Give

RONSON

THE LIGHTER THAT LIGHTS



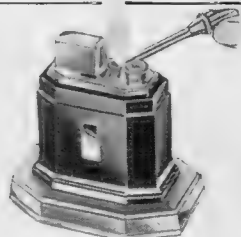
STANDARD

No. 21. Man's model for the pocket, chromium-plated, with a dull satin finish - 18/6



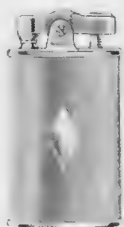
REGIMENTAL BADGE LIGHTERS

Chromium-plated lighters (dull satin finish) with badges of principal Regiments and Corps. Standard Size, No. 21 - 21/-



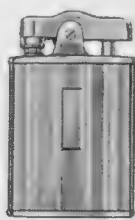
TOUCHTIP

No. 2104. Enamelled table-lighter in assorted colours. "Touch tip and it's lit" 31/6



JUNIOR SPORTS "BUTLER"

No. 110. Man's long pocket-size in dull satin-finished chrome - 22/6



BANKER

No. 5577. Beautifully finished man's pocket-lighter, engine-turned. Never lets you down. 22/6



PENCILITER

No. 15252. Chromium-plated, engine-turned propelling pencil combined with automatic lighter. Press and it's lit! 22/6



STANDARD

No. 6007. Neat chromium-plated model for the pocket, with engine-turned finish. 21/-



"What can I give him for Christmas?"

It's an age old problem — but a more important one *this* Christmas than ever before. Whatever you give him he'll treasure, because it comes from *you* — but that's not good enough. You want to

choose something he really needs, something he will use every day — and it *must* be the best of its kind. The answer's a Ronson — the lighter that lights every time. Men on active service, men on the home front all want a lighter that works instantaneously,



consistently and unfailingly. And women too, particularly women in uniform, appreciate the exquisite jeweller-finish of a Ronson. You can buy Ronsons with regimental crests — you can have them engraved with any message you wish. Here's an idea — a Ronson

engraved with the permanent identity you can't go wrong with of them light first flip



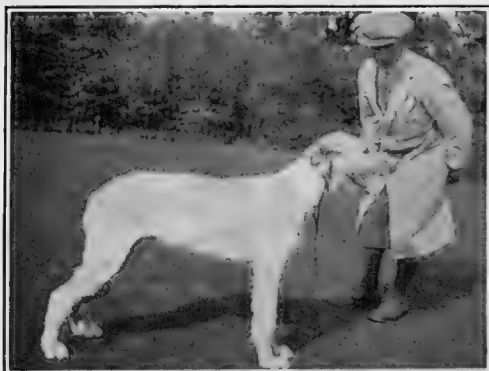
recipients registration number makes a token as well as a useful souvenir. You Ronsons. All over the world ten millions and go on lighting every time.

Choose the Ronson you will give from these illustrations. Then see them in action at your jewellers or tobacconist.



BE MODERN — GO

RONSON



SULHAMSTEAD RIPA

Property of Mrs. Nagle

as members would not be able to attend, but the election of the committee will take place as usual. It was also decided to reduce the subscription during the war to five shillings. Members are earnestly requested to support their association through this time of trial. Owing to the loyalty of its members, the L.K.A. weathered the last storm and there is no doubt we shall again.

The Irish Wolfhound is a beautiful stately dog, the tallest of all dogs. He also has a charming disposition and makes the best of companions being dignified, good tempered and intelligent. It is no easy task to bring up these big dogs to be perfectly sound. Mrs. Nagle has managed it, and all the Sulhamstead dogs are renowned for their size and soundness. The photograph is of one of the youngsters, Sulhamstead Ripa, at thirteen months old, who is a lovely puppy and should make a name when shows start again. All Mrs. Nagle's hounds are used to coursing and have to gallop, thereby proving their soundness.

The Border Terrier really does come from the Border, almost every dog you see that is not a Sheepdog is a Border. He is still kept by farmers and shepherds to whom he is the greatest use, owing to his sporting character. The Border

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

A well-attended meeting of the executive took place on November 3, Baroness Burton presiding. The war policy of the association was discussed and it was decided to postpone our open show, but to leave all arrangements standing, so that it could take place at once when peace was declared. It was felt there would be no use in having the annual general meeting

is one of the gamest and most sporting Terriers alive. No end of stories are told of his prowess. He was only introduced to the south a short time before the last war, but is now in great favour. In addition to being sporting, he is a most attractive dog in himself, an excellent house dog, quiet and clean, not a fighter and very good tempered. Mrs. Twist has a well



SKYE TERRIER

Property of Mrs. Harold Eaden

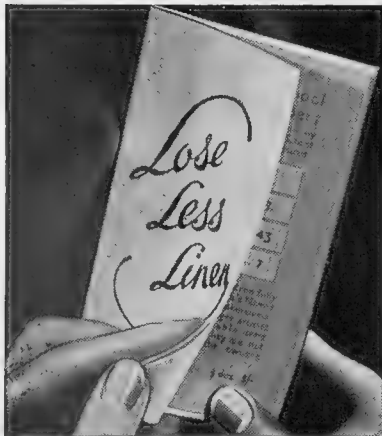
known kennel of Borders and has done very well, though she only started her kennel a short time ago. She sends a photograph of her young stud dog, Ch. Oldham Joker; he has sired some promising puppies, two of which were to have made their debut this autumn. Mrs. Twist has reduced her kennel and is not going to breed any more puppies, except a few to keep her kennel going, till the war is over. She still has a few puppies and some old favourites as well as show dogs.

One of the Skye Terrier clubs has as its motto, "Whaur daur meddle wi' me." This annoyed some of his friends; I cannot see why, as it describes the rather attractive and distinctive character of the Skye. Devoted and staunch to his friends, he does not care for strangers to meddle with him, and no bad thing in these days! The Skye was very popular in Victorian days, then the influx of breeds began and he was rather pushed out; but now has reached a steady level of popularity. He is immensely popular on the Continent, in France and Germany. Mrs. Eaden has a kennel of Skyes and sends a picture of her latest acquisition, Altavona, a lovely bitch, mother of a fine family, who Mrs. Eaden hopes to see winning when the war is over. Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton



CH. OLDHAM JOKER

Property of Mrs. Twist



Send for this style book of Cash's Woven Names

showing the full range of styles and colours in which your name can be woven, by posting the coupon below. It will help you to solve all the problems of loss or confusion with your linen.

Cash's
NAME TAPES

3 doz. 6 doz. 12 doz.

2/9 3/9 5/-

FROM ALL DRAPERS AND STORES.

To J. & J. CASH, Ltd. (Dept. N.H.2), Coventry.
Please send me Free Copy of your booklet
"Lose Less Linen."

Name.....
Address.....



BISCUIT MAKERS
TO HIS LATE MAJESTY
KING GEORGE V.

Butter and Shortbread

The best table butter is used in making

**CRAWFORD'S FAMOUS
SCOTCH SHORTBREAD**

In War time the stocks of best table butter must be carefully kept for the family larder.

The Proprietors of Crawford's Biscuits very much regret to intimate that they are, therefore, unable to make

Crawford's Shortbread

CRAWFORD'S BISCUITS ARE
STILL OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

TO AVOID Pain and discomfort AFTER MEALS

Why should you dread mealtimes, and suffer such discomfort afterwards?

If acid is turning your food tough and making it impossible for your stomach to digest it, take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They will relieve the acidity at once, and therefore banish your indigestion; and it need never return. Buy the Tablets now and save yourself another attack.

Neat flat boxes for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.



MILK OF MAGNESIA
BRAND
TABLETS
SLIP A 6^d BOX
IN YOUR POCKET OR BAG

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark
of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia

• But . . seriously . . .

Player's
Please

We may differ but we can both be right. Because, when it comes to a good cigarette there are always two ways about it with Player's — 'Medium' or 'Mild'. Both have a great following with smokers. So this time let's agree to disagree—please yourself and say "Player's Please."

*Player's are
always in
the picture*



CORK TIPPED OR PLAIN

MEDIUM or MILD

10 • 7d • 20 • 1/11 • 25 • 1/53

N O C. 4920

—but this is
GRAND COFFEE!

**HOW ON
EARTH DID
YOU MAKE IT
SO QUICKLY?**



YES! We know it's going to be difficult! You like your coffee to *taste* like coffee, and it's going to be mighty hard to convince you that the time has come for you to hurl your good old coffee-pot out of the window! The fact is, Nescafé has arrived in England! So what? So you can now get the kind of coffee that thousands enjoy so much on the Continent every year! *But that's* only half the story. Nescafé is an amazing new golden-brown powder into which has been concentrated all the essentials of expertly made coffee . . . and when we say coffee we mean *coffee*. You put a small spoonful in a cup. You pour on hot water. You prepare yourself for the most pleasant surprise of your life. And you get it! What flavour! What aroma! And to think—no grounds . . . no waste . . . and no more coffee-pot!

★ ★ ★ Please send for **FREE SAMPLE**

Tasting's believing. So we would like you to try Nescafé at our expense. Send now for the sample enough to make two delicious cups of Nescafé, to Nestlé's, Sample Dept. N, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

In 2 sizes
1/3 and 2/-

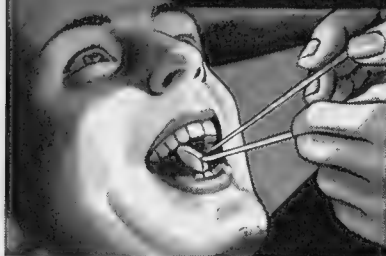


NESCAFÉ

Made in an instant—right in the cup!

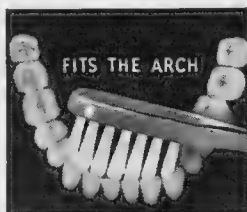
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DECAY BEGINS IN YOUR 'BLACKOUT' TEETH



Your back teeth live in a blackout. Only your dentist ever sees them. Decay strikes at your back teeth, because few toothbrushes ever reach them. That's why a dentist designed this TEK. A short-head toothbrush, small enough and bristly enough to get at that difficult last molar.

1 SHAPE
1 SIZE
1 PRICE



The toothbrush with a **PLAN**

TEK was brought out because toothbrushes varied so much in size, in shape, in quality, in effectiveness. It was realised that there must be one shape, one size which was right, one bristle which did a better job. There was. A dentist designed a brush which got at *all of all* of the teeth. We called it TEK, a short-head brush which goes where toothbrushes haven't found a way before. You can pay less than 2/- for a toothbrush, but don't expect a TEK.

Tek² SURGICALLY CLEAN IN A SEALED CARTON
MADE IN ENGLAND
PENETRATES YOUR 'BLACKOUT AREAS'

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to make themselves useful citizens. The Society maintains and trains a family of 1,165 poor boys and girls—will you help us in this great effort? Financial help is urgently required to carry on this most worthy cause, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

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164 Shaftesbury Ave., London, W.C.2

Founded 1843

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These fortunate dwellers in the dawn of history had never heard of the "war of nerves". Our nerves need special nourishment to stand this special strain. The article below shows how an eight weeks' course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food will help you win this unequal struggle.

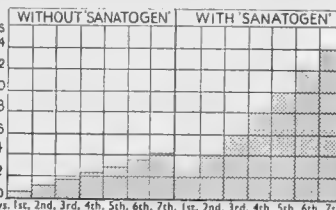
How to win *your* 'war of nerves'

"In the present state of medical knowledge, there are many things we do not know about the nervous system. But one thing we *do* know—that it can only be maintained at its maximum efficiency if it is properly fed with organic phosphorus and protein". That is what doctors said in peace time. Surely it is obvious that the need for these two nerve-nourishing elements has increased a thousand-fold now that we are fighting this "war of nerves". That is why *your* doctor will prescribe 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food. It contains these two elements in their finest, most easily digested form. The organic phosphorus feeds the brain and nerves. The protein stimulates new rich blood and builds up resistance to illness and infection. 25,000 doctors have written in praise of 'Sanatogen'. Just as they recognise 'Genasprin' as the most efficacious of all brands of analgesics, so do they acknowledge 'Sanatogen' as the finest of all Nerve-Tonic Foods.

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PROOF of the valuable body building work of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food

In an article on "Modern Aspects of Tuberculosis" in the *Medical Echo*, a writer quotes this significant test. He says "Perhaps the most forcible evidence which can be adduced for this action of 'Sanatogen' is a comparison of cases treated by this preparation and by cod-liver oil. Whereas the average daily increase with the latter was only three-fifths of an ounce, it was no less than two ounces with 'Sanatogen'." A convincing illustration of the power of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food to rebuild and restore.



'SANATOGEN' A brand of Casein and Sodium-Glycerophosphate
NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Obtainable at all chemists in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

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—this one is in Angora, embroidered in attractive bow design at waist and hem. In many new colours including navy blue, romany green, orchid brown, black or fuchsia. Hip sizes 36 to 44 ins.

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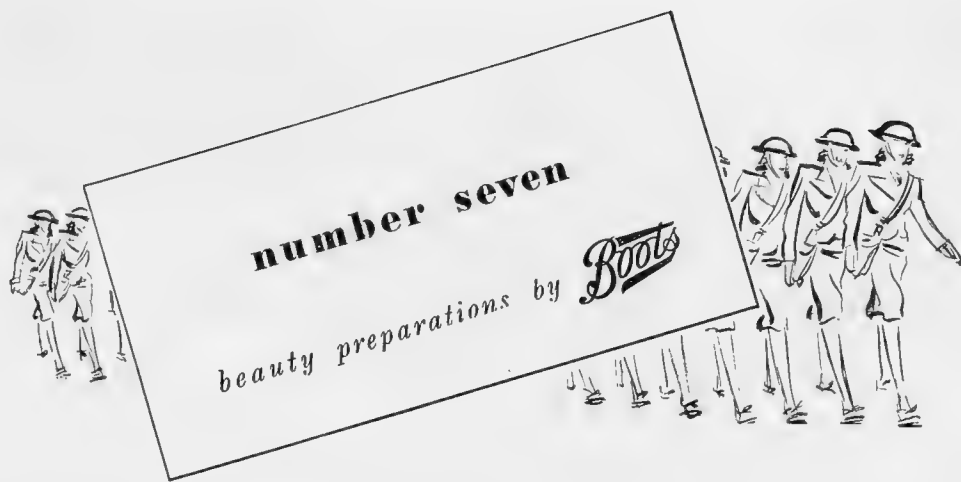
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Whatever your job, let GLOVLIES keep your hands in perfect condition: Lovely hands can be yours overnight—thanks to GLOVLIES, the marvellous medicated night gloves. These delicate pink cellular gloves—made of a fabric treated with a special new medicating lotion—nourish the pores, freshen the skin, soften and restore toil-worn hands. Just slip on a pair when you go to bed! While you sleep, GLOVLIES will be doing their wonderful work. And don't forget—



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Cap 505. To match apron 1/0
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DORINDA. Afternoon dress, panel down front and back with side belts, giving a slimming effect. Bodice and sleeves lined.

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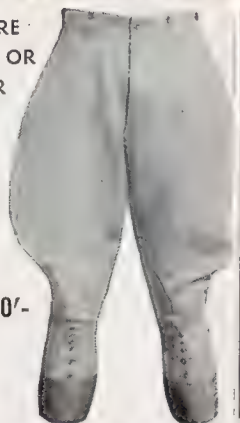
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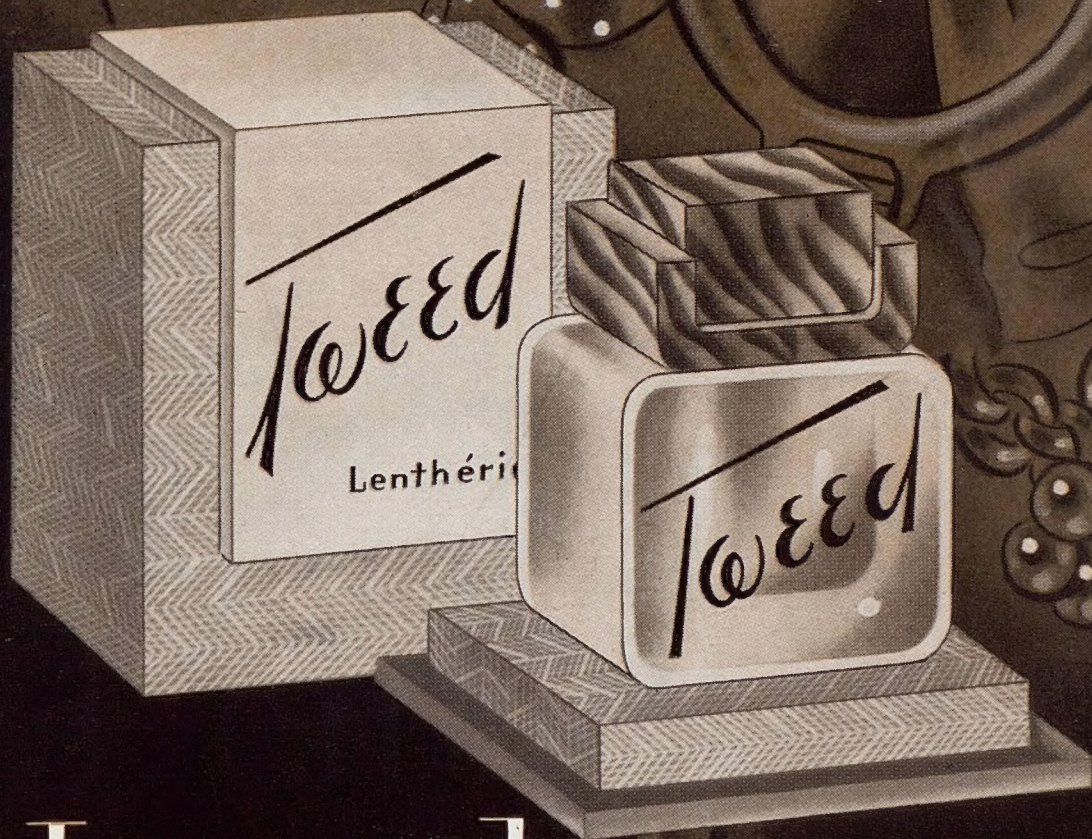


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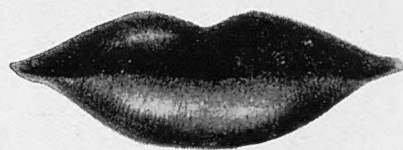
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*"Intimo" for emphasis on the "dividing line". Above is
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Lips by Lenthéric



**Miss Penelope Dudley Ward
wears Lenthéric's Hunting Pink**

Drawn from a studio portrait of Miss Dudley Ward

Here's your gay, crisp red lipstick — *Hunting Pink*. The shade decreed by the new mode for bright, clear red make-up.

If you are pastel-pale, choose Lenthéric's *Confetti Pink*—a lovely and sentimental shade, a true pink enhancing the natural tint of your lips. If your wardrobe includes fuchsia shades, choose *Deep Orchid*—red with an echo of blue, unbelievably becoming.

Lenthéric lipsticks stay triumphantly on the lips. They do not change colour. They give a fresh line that lasts amazingly. Their texture is neither dry nor greasy, but very fine and smooth.

Hunting Pink is No. 2. *Deep Orchid* is No. 7. *Confetti Pink* is No. 8. For you who have never worn Lenthéric lipsticks, there is a special size at 2/6—it will last you more than a month.

Black and gold cases 5/6. White cases 4/6 and 2/6.

LENTHERIC, 17 OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1



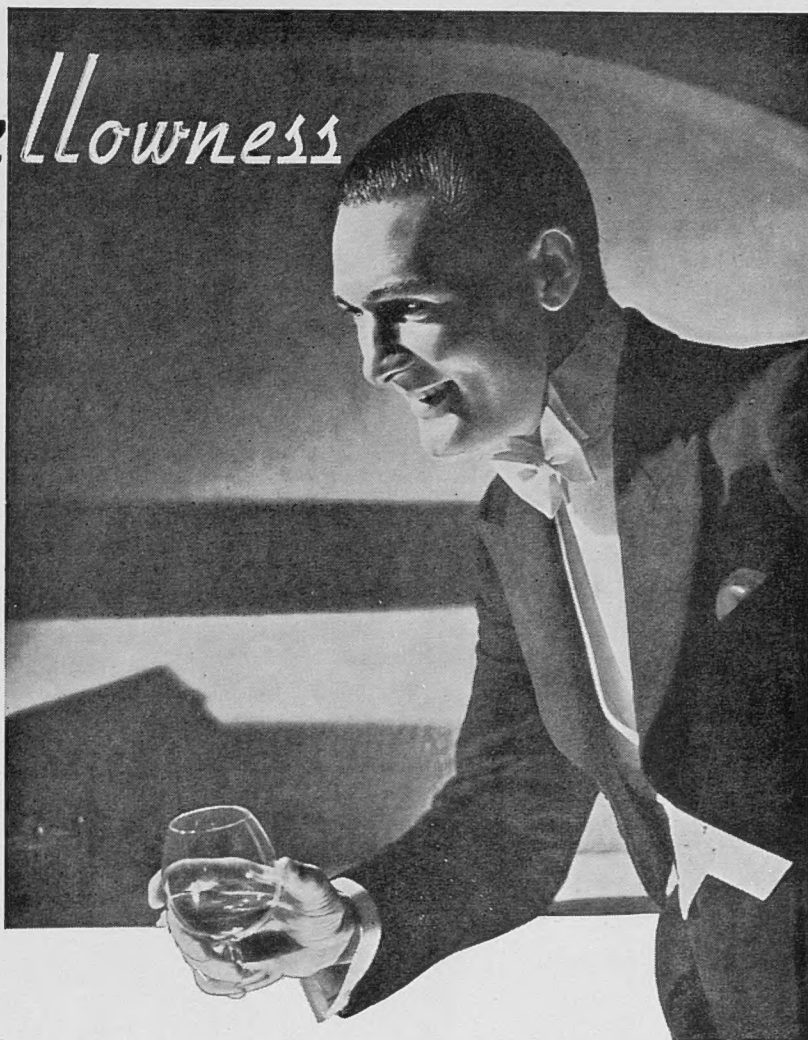
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**Now
on
SALE**

"The Indian Dancer," a magnificent drawing in full colour by Edward Seago, forms the frontispiece of the TATLER CHRISTMAS NUMBER. Turn to the next page, there you will find a charming picture by J. G. Goodall entitled "Christmas, 1854." Then comes the first story by the inimitable Ben Travers, and so it goes on, 90 pages of varied Christmas entertainment. Among the many famous humorists represented in this number are H. M. Bateman, H. H. Harris, Dennis Mallet, Leo Dowd and P. Bellew, and there are two pages of Wing Commander Oakley-Beuttler's amusing drawings of most incredible happenings in the Services. One of Lionel Edwards's fine paintings forms the centre-spread.

"A Dream of Old China," by A. J. Hamilton, and an amusing story by G. H. Lusty are just two of the stories which you are certain to find vastly diverting.

IT would be so unlike Christmas without THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER of THE TATLER for all in the house to enjoy. The next time you visit your bookstall or regular newsagent, ask for a copy to be reserved for you . . . and we have no doubt he will gladly deliver it to your home. A heavy demand is anticipated, so we venture to suggest that you act early. If your newsagent is on the phone, why not ring him now and say:

**"WILL YOU PLEASE BE SURE TO SEND THE
CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE TATLER"**